THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

THANKSGIVING.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

What time the latest flower hath bloomed,
The latest bird hath southward flown;
When silence weaves o'er garnered sheaves
Sweet idyls in our northern zone;
When scattered children rest beside
The hearth, and hold the mother's hand,—
Then rolls Thanksgiving's ample tide
Of fervent praise across the land.

And though the autumn stillness broods
Where spring was glad with song and stir,
Though summer's grace leave little trace
On fields that smiled at sight of her,
Still glows the sunset's altar-fire,
With crimson flame and heart of gold,
And faith uplifts, with strong desire
And deep content, the hymns of old.

We bless our God for wondrous wealth,
Through all the bright benignant year;
For shower and rain, for ripened grain;
For gift and guerdon, far and near.
We bless the ceaseless Providence
That watched us through the peaceful days,
That led us home, or brought us thence,
And kept us in our various ways.

And if the hand so much that gave
Hath something taken from our store,
If caught from sight, to heaven's pure light,
Some precious ones are here no more,
We still adore the Friend above,
Who, while earth's road grows steep and dim,
Yet comforts us, in tender love,
And holds our darlings close to Him.

Thanks then, O God! from sea to sea
Let every wind the anthem bear!
And hearts be rife, through toil and strife,
With joyful praise and grateful prayer.
Our fathers' God, their children sing
The grace they sought through storm and sun;
Our harvest tribute here we bring,
And end it with, "Thy will be done!"

—*S. S. Times.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following communications have been received from our missionaries in Japan. They contain encouraging and cheering intelligence of the state of our work, and the condition of our missionaries. The fervent prayers of the Church have been answered, and will be, for the Lord is with us, as is manifest in the whole history of our mission in Japan.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

TOKIO, Japan, Oct. 22d, 1884.

Dear Doctor:—Some time has elapsed since I have written to you on the subject of our work here. Perhaps nowhere in the world is time so abundant to some, and so scarce to others, as in Japan. The Japanese seem to have an abundance of time, more than they know what to do with, while the foreigners, especially the missionary, scarcely finds time enough to do anything well. The best blessing a missionary has, however, is to be so much engaged in work as to be utterly oblivious to his surroundings.

Our work is gradually going forward. I preach regularly on Sabbath, and now mean to start my catechetical class for the winter. I have prospects for a good class, which much encourages me. Our work in this country is going on finely. There are about twelve men and women who have asked to be baptized, and are awaiting my coming. I am expecting a very pleasant and profitable winter's work, and hope to see new "sheep" gathered into the fold. A week ago a number of our Christian brethren in the country paid us a visit. We enjoyed their coming very much, and I am sure we gave them a pleasant time also. They had never been in a foreign house before, and were much delighted to see how we live. It is the custom of the Japanese to return your visit, and these brethren did not feel as though they could have me come to see them again before having paid their respects to me at my own house.

There is much opportunity for Christian work among the country people now. A great many Bibles and portions of Scripture have been sold for the last few years, and they find that they cannot understand the Word of God unless they have a teacher. Many are ready to hear, and willing to be led, if only there were persons here to carry the bread of life to them. Has the Reformed Church no young men and women for this? The Church at large is growing, and it will not be many years before we shall see great things in Japan. I wish our Church could take a larger part of the work, and help on the cause so much faster. May God greatly pour out His Holy Spirit upon all the Church that our treasury may be full to overflowing, and our brave young men and women come up from all parts of the Church and ask to be sent to the heathen.

Yours respectfully,

A. D. GRING.

MIYANOSHITA, Oct. 22d, 1884.

Dear Doctor:—After nearly three months of serious sickness in my family, months of great anxiety, during which time hopes and fears were constantly alternating, I have the extreme satisfaction to communicate to you and the Church at large, that the dark cloud which had settled upon us has been lifted so far that I am able to report Mrs. Moore's condition very much improved; so much so, that there is the best evidence for her full re[illegible] take up our accustomed duties.

It seems now as if the prayers of God's people here in Japan, foreign and native, and also at home, in her behalf, *have* been and *are* being answered and the hearts of many made to rejoice.

It was thought that a change from the city to the country would aid much in her recovery; accordingly we came to this place, called Miyanoshita, situated among the mountains, fifty miles from the city of Tokio. Here in cloudland, where there is the pure, health giving, cool mountain air; hot mineral baths, in water that gushes boiling hot out of the mountain's side; rest and freedom from care and anxiety, Mrs. Moore has made wonderful improvement and is fast gaining her accustomed strength, for which God be greatly thanked.

One might suppose that because Japan is a small *island* country there would be no high mountains, grand and imposing scenery, such as one sees in other and larger countries. But on the contrary, the mountains are often high and the scenery so grand, that it is said it is only equalled by the Alpine scenery in Switzerland. Just a short distance from where I am writing, is Fuji Yama, (sacred mountain), which, from a vast level plain, rises majestically until it attains the height of nearly 13,000 feet. Thither pious pilgrims, every summer, to the number of hundreds and thousands, wend their way to worship at its shrine and receive a blessing as they vainly imagine. Indeed as one stands in its towering presence on a clear day you feel like taking off your hat and worshiping, not the mountain as the Japanese do, but Him who formed it and holds it, as it were, in the hollow of His hand.

One peculiarity is the many hot springs that are found at different places. A short distance from here are "Ko jigokee" (little hell), "O jiokee" (big hell), where are noted sulphur springs from which are constantly issuing puffs of steam rising high in the air, boiling hot sulphur water from cavernous depths beneath, from whence proceeds roaring, gurgling sounds, the whole scene reminding one of the descriptions of the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Hence the name.

These waters are utilized for bathing purposes, being often conveyed over long distances to hotels or inns made famous on account of their baths. The temples through the country are frequently on the hill-tops or the mountain's side. As you pass along the road you see paths or a series of steps leading up the sides of the hills at the end of which is either a small temple or a shrine, the latter a small stand with an image and tablets, to which the people of the community go, and where the traveler turns in to worship the particular gods or deities in honor of whom the shrines are erected and to whom they are dedicated.

There is no country in the world, I suppose, where, either on the mountains, or in the valleys, or more level parts, there are so many cosy nooks; pleasant, beautiful, retired places. This is due to the volcanic formation of the country.

The temples and the graveyards are usually found at such places. The Japanese display a great deal of good taste and judgment in their selection of places for their temples and graveyards. One feels as he goes to these places that this is just the right spot for the dead to be buried, or where the living can most devoutly worship. Besides the temples and shrines that are met along the way, you frequently see a stone image set up, containing some inscription or pious sentiment. All these things are intended to remind the traveler of his religious duties and to create and keep alive in him a worshipful spirit.

The people in the country are, as I stated in a previous letter, very simple, and, so far as their habits and general appearance go, in many instances, animal-like. Yet withal, they are kind, exceedingly polite, and, as a rule, highly respect the foreigner. In this respect they differ greatly from the Chinese who look with contempt upon all foreigners, regarding them as vastly their inferiors.

[illegible] wife and Japanese teacher, I went to a small temple in the place where are living two priests, one of them a very old man. They kindly showed us around, and, from our teachers, asked questions about our country, &c. Brought out a few trifling articles which were foreign made for us to look at and to tell them just what they were and how and where they were made. Then they carefully examined Mrs. Moore's hat, in which they seemed much interested, acting more like children than men. Many of these priests are very ignorant while others are said to be fine Japanese scholars. Poor deluded men! I never can have any but feelings of pity for them. May this darkness of ignorance and superstition that now reigns in the hearts of priest and people be speedily dispersed by the entrance of God's word which giveth light.

J. P. MOORE.

Selections.

TRUSTING GOD IN THE DARK.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Sometimes we have an experience in life that seems like walking through a long, dark tunnel. The chilling air and the thick darkness make it hard walking, and the constant wonder is why we are compelled to tread so gloomy a path, while others are in the open day of health and happiness. We can only fix our eyes on the bright light at the end of the tunnel, and we comfort ourselves with the thought that every step we take brings us nearer to the joy and the rest that lies at the end of the way. Extinguish the light of heaven that gleams in the distance, and this tunnel of trial would become a horrible tomb! Some of us are passing through just such an experience now. We can adopt the plaintive language of the Psalmist, and cry out: "Thy hand presseth us sore; as for the light of our eyes, it also is gone from us; we are ready to halt, and our sorrow is continually before us."

One of the most trying features of our trial is that we cannot discover the "why" or the "wherefore" of our special afflictions. Our Heavenly Father did not consult us before the trial came, and He does not explain to us why He sent it. His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts; nay, they are the very opposite. The *mystery* of the providence perplexes and staggers us. For example, I open my daily journal, and read that the Bishop of Jerusalem, whom I left a few months ago in the prime of vigorous health and wide usefulness, is cut off in the midst of his days. All his preparatory training for his office by eighteen years of missionary life comes to naught. This very day I am called for the sixth time in a few years to bury the dead from a certain Christian household. This time it is the head of the house that is taken and the children are left to orphanage. Beside me now sits a mourning mother, whose aching heart cannot understand why a beloved child is snatched away, when she seemed the most indispensable to the happiness of the home. Every week a pastor has to confront these mysteries in the dealings of a God of love. To the torturing question, "Why does God lead me into this valley of the shadow of darkness?" we can only reply: "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight." We are brought into the tunnel, however we shrink back. There is no retreat; we have nothing left to us but to grasp the very hand that brought us there and push forward. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we can only say: "I see not but that my road to heaven lieth through this very valley."

Just in such trying hours it is that the adversary assails us most fiercely. He stirs up in our hearts bitter thoughts against God. He points us to the actual and realized loss, and tells us that heaven is utterly unseen and no one comes back to assure us of its reality. And so he endeavors, with devilish suggestions, to blow out such lamps of divine promise as we have, to shatter every staff that we carry, and to make the pathway of trial the more dark and desperate than before. This is [illegible] poetry, it is the actual trial to which the faith of thousands of God's people is at this moment subjected. Under these severe experiences, more than one Christian has been sorely tempted to turn infidel and to "choose death rather than life."

To my own mind there is only one solution for these mysteries and only one support for these days of terrible affliction. The only relief I can find is in the certainty that this life is not the end; but simply and only the *preparatory school* for the real and the endless life that is beyond The moment that I accept this truth fully and hold it firmly, I find solid ground for my feet and light for my sorrowing soul. Then I discover that the journey of the believer is "portioned out" to him, and that the dark tunnel on the road is just as surely appointed wisely as is the most flowery mead or the happiest walk over the "Delectable Mountains." Nay, more. When we reach Heaven, we may discover that the richest and deepest and most profitable experiences we had in this world were those which were gained in the very roads from which we shrunk back with dread. The bitter cups we tried to push away contained the medicines we most needed. The hardest lessons that we learn are those which teach us the most and best fit us for service here and glory hereafter. It is the easiest thing in the world to obey God when He commands us to do what we like and to trust Him when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark. Let us be assured of this, that, if the lesson and the rod are of His appointing and that His all-wise love has engineered the deep tunnels of trial on the heavenward road, He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us is, not to deny and desert Him.

Let us also keep in mind that the chief object of the discipline is to develop character and to improve the graces of His children. Whom He loveth he chastises, and correcteth every son whom He receiveth. Every branch that beareth fruit He *pruneth* it, that it may bring forth more fruit. "Why do you cut that pomegranate bush so cruelly?" said a gentleman to his gardener. The answer was: "Because it is all running to useless leaves, and I want to make it *bear*." Ah! it is a keen knife that our Divine Gardener often employs, and He often severs the very heart-strings by His discipline; but "*afterward* it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness. God has a great many crucibles for His gold, where He may refine it. There is so much alloy of pride and self will, or covetousness, or sinful idolatry in genuine Christians that they require the "fining-pot" and the furnace. Sometimes prosperity is ten-fold more damaging to us than sharp adversity. A fit of sickness may do more for soul-health than years of bodily strength and comfort.

To all readers who are wondering why a loving God has subjected them so often to the furnace, my only answer is that *God owns you and me*, and He has a right to do with us just as He pleases. If He wants to keep His silver over a hot flame, until he can see His own countenance reflected in the metal, then He has a right to do so. It is the Lord, it is my loving teacher, it is my Heavenly Father; let him do what seemeth him good. He will not lay on one stroke in cruelty or a single one that He cannot give more grace to bear. Life's school days and nights will soon be over. Pruning-time will soon be ended. The crucibles will not be needed in Heaven.

So, to all my fellow-sufferers who are threading their way through the tunnels of trial, I would say: Tighten your loins with the promises and keep the strong staff of faith well in hand. Trust God in the dark. We are safer with Him in the dark than without Him in the sunshine. He will not suffer thy foot to stumble. His rod and His staff never break. Why He brought us here we know not now, but shall know hereafter. At the end of the gloomy passage beams the heavenly light. Then comes the exceeding and eternal weight of glory!—*Independent.*

ATTRACTIVE PREACHING.

The wish to be fresh and interesting in the pulpit is to a certain degree praiseworthy. To command attention, to awaken interest, is often to open a door for the entrance of truth. But it is very easy to sacrifice the Gospel message to this desire for novelty. It is not only permissible, but praiseworthy, to illustrate a discourse by pithy anecdote and illustration. But these ought to bear the same proportion to the body of a sermon that buttons do to the mass of the garment. This desire for freshness sometimes shows itself in a strained and florid rhetoric. All rhetoric is bad which overlays the truth. It is excellent when it makes the truth more vivid. To give accurate expression to truth is a fine art. To do more than this is to be merely decorative. The gauds of rhetoric are to be avoided as a painter would avoid gauds of color.

Anecdotal and rhetorical preachers are seldom long enjoyed. The same is true of those whose elocution is of the schools rather than of nature improved but not conventionalized. The sweetest and most attractive freshness is that which comes neither from anecdote, rhetoric, nor elocution, but from the heart of the preacher, stirred by a constant study of the Word; quickened into full life by the Divine Spirit; made effective by pastoral sympathy with human aches and needs. This will last. It will not need odd titles to call the people in. The common people will be drawn by it, and the judicious piety of the Church will be attracted and greatly grow. And this sort of pulpit popularity is within the reach of every devout and diligent preacher, however worldly critics may estimate his talents.

How much it means to us in sorrow or temptation to know that the heart of Divinity has been dipped in the bitter waters of our human life!

The world cannot bury Christ. The earth is not deep enough for His tomb, the clouds are not wide enough for His winding sheet; He ascends into the heavens but the heavens cannot contain Him. He still lives in the Church which burns unconsumed with His love; in the truth that reflects His image; in the hearts which burn as He talks with them by the way.—*Edward Thompson.*

Family Reading.

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, men! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
Oh, women! sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your cares to-day, and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Follow again the winding rills;
Go to the places where you went
When climbing up the summer hills;
In their green lap you sat content,
And softly leaned your head to rest
On nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
So lightly trodden by your feet,
When all you knew of life was good
And all you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let fond memory lead you back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs:
Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
With fresh sweet clover running o'er;
And count the treasures at your feet,
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tenderer heart than hand
The remnant of your household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverent head,
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been you stand
To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no mother's hand
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend or lover nigh,
The past is all your company:

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away:
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasure that we love.

—*Selected.*

THE DEACON'S THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

At the close of the prayer-meeting three weeks before Thanksgiving in the year 1878, we were standing round the stove in one of those informal and supplemental meetings which are often better than the formal and principal one, when the parson opened the subject of Thanksgiving services.

"I don't know what to do about our Thanksgiving services," said he. "It seems to me that every year Thanksgiving is running more and more to dinners, and less and less to services. Last year there were hardly enough in church to make a respectable prayer meeting. We shall get down to the sexton and myself yet; unless we resort to the old Jewish expedient and employ ten men to attend so as to keep up our service. What shall we do, deacon?"

"Well," said the deacon, dryly, "I think I should suggest to try the experiment of making the services so interesting that the people would want to come."

The parson was touched—no wonder—and spoke up just a trifle sharply: "I wish you'd do it, then; you would find it easier said than done."

"I am not the minister," said the deacon: "I haven't the authority."

"That won't do, deacon," replied the parson; "I'll give you the authority."

"Will you?" said the deacon.

"Certainly," said the parson.

"And carry out my instructions?" inquired the deacon.

"Y-e-s," said the parson, a little hesitatingly.

"Implicitly; cordially; as if I were bishop and you were priest?"

"Yes," said the parson; this time unhesitatingly. "Yes; you shall be bishop and I will show you how well I can obey."

"Agreed," said the deacon. "I'll do it."

The next day the whole parish had been telephonically informed of the contract. There is a mysterious, invisible telephone which connects all the houses of the Wheathedge parish, and when any such incident occurs as the deacon's bargain it is telephoned all over the village before dinner-time the next day. There are quite a number of families who get the news before breakfast. The whole parish was agog to know what sort of a Thanksgiving service the deacon was going to have, and the curiosity was not in the least abated when Friday, every Sunday-school scholar received a card of invitation to the deacon's house Saturday afternoon. It was evidently an invitation to a secret society, for when the children went home a little before tea they were as mum as mice. To all questions what the deacon did with them they only returned a laugh, and the reply, "Come to church Thanksgiving day and see." Even the fathers and mothers at home got no satisfaction—at least we did not, and as we have implicit confidence in the deacon, when we found out that secrecy was a part of his programme we acquiesced. The choir, too, was summoned by its leader to one or two extra rehearsals.

Sunday the parson gave his usual notice of Thanksgiving services "at eleven o'clock in this church:" but he did not accompany it with his usual unavailing exhortation to the members of the congregation to attend. And to all inquiries, what sort of Thanksgiving services we were to have, both he and the deacon returned the answer of the children in the children's own phraseology, "Come to church Thanksgiving day and see."

Our house is on a hill directly opposite the church. At half past ten we saw the children beginning to gather at the lecture room, and some time before eleven the stream of adults began to set toward the church. It was so decided a stream, including some people who rarely go to church on Sunday but whose children are always in the Sunday-school, that I feared lest we should get no good seat. Besides, our own little folks, who were as impatient to get to church that morning as they sometimes are to get out of it, had provoked a corresponding eagerness in us; so that before the bell began to toll Jennie and I found ourselves entering the church vestibule. The organ was already playing even then, and there was quite a little crowd about and in the doorways. As we pushed through to find our way to our own pew we discovered that the front seats in the body of the church, extending back twelve or fifteen from the pulpit, were reserved by a little picture cord laid upon the top of the pews and an usher who stood in either aisle at the end of the cord to direct the congregation to side seats. Miss Wheaton was just in front of Jennie and myself, and the look of mingled astonishment and indignation which passed over her countenance when she found she could not get into her own pew was a curious study. But it was only a momentary cloud; if she thought, as I half think she did, of turning her back on the church altogether it was but for a moment. Her curiosity got the better of her pride, and she sat down in the same seat with us. Besides, somehow, no one ever thinks of rebelling against the deacon. The pulpit had a large bouquet of flowers on one side, which had been brought from New York by one of the deacon's co-conspirators, and an equally handsome one of autumn leaves and ferns upon the other side, which had been gathered in the woods by half a dozen other conspirators; and some trailing vines festooned the desk itself. As the bell began to toll the organ stopped; when the bell ceased the organ began again; at the same time the two ushers, leaving their places, went to the doors and succeeded in getting the bashful and unaccustomed into pews. In five minutes nearly every seat in the church was full, except the twenty five or thirty reserved—as of course we had by this time guessed—for the children. The old church never saw so large a congregation on Thanksgiving day. I wonder if it ever will see so large a one again.

The organ ceased. A hush of expectancy fell upon the congregation. The parson is always prompt; but no parson had made his appearance. The deacon, too, was not in the church. Suddenly we heard in the distance the faint sound of children's voices. It grew louder and clearer. They were evidently approaching the doors of the church. Louder, clearer still:

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest."

Mr. Hardcap, who sat directly in front of me, turned around with an expression of curiously commingled curiosity, horror, and dismay: "A processional hymn in a Presbyterian church! Shades of Calvin and Knox defend us!" it seemed to say. I think he expected to see the parson in a purple robe bearing the consecrated host aloft and followed by choir boys in white surplices. But he saw nothing of the kind. What he did see was his own Peter and the deacon's Mary, both little tots about five years old, leading the procession. It marched in, two by two, singing that sweetest of songs, without accompaniment, but bearing the Sunday-school banners—in lieu of a consecrated host, I suppose. It marched up one aisle, round in front of the desk, down the other aisle, filling up the vacant pews with perfect order. Marched in two by two, I say—boy and girl together—and so they sat all through the service, alternated. "Separating the boys and girls," the deacon said afterward, "is a relic of that old barbarous custom which put the men on one side of the church and the women on the other. If God meant the boys and girls to be separated He would have put them in different worlds, or at least He would have them born in different families—girls in one set, boys in the other. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

But then the deacon is very odd. It is true that the arrangement seemed to work very well on this particular occasion. The children were marvelously quiet. But that may merely have been an accident. Mr. Hardcap is perfectly sure that it was an accident.

I will not attempt to give an account of the services which followed. Mr. Hardcap thought they were ritualistic. And perhaps they were open to that criticism—if it is a criticism: I am not sure whether it is or not. The children and the choir chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm antiphonally; the choir singing each verse and the children joining in the chorus, "For his mercy endureth forever." There were three or four short prayers; Jennie says one or two of them were taken from the Episcopal Prayer-Book. There was the Lord's prayer, in which the children all joined, and many of the congregation; and the Apostles' Creed, which was repeated standing. There were one or two songs by the children; and one choir piece sung to them. And there was a very short and simple sermon. The parson put his watch on the pulpit when he rose to speak and kept his eye on it, I noticed. He told me afterwards that his bishop put him under a pledge to speak without notes; to speak to the children; to leave out all politics, and not to talk over fifteen minutes. And I told him that I wished he would put himself under the same bishop some Sunday. He always speaks in prayer-meetings, and often with very good effect, but he has the notion that he cannot go into a pulpit without a sermon; and I have never seen him there before without his manuscript.

The whole service lasted one hour. Whether we shall ever have another as good I know not. But I am sure every family in the Wheathedge parish found a special cause of thanksgiving that afternoon in the enjoyment and profit of the deacon's Thanksgiving service.

Yours, etc., LAICUS.

Christian Union.

WHAT PEOPLE EXPECT.

People expect their pastor to call upon them, and they have a right to expect him to do so. They sometimes forget, however, that the obligation is mutual. A clergyman has a right to expect his people to come and see him. But it is apt to be a one sided arrangement. Laymen may think they fulfil any obligation there may be on their part if they go to church on Sunday; but they certainly do not; they should go to see their pastor at his home. Common courtesy demands it. It is not a pleasant sign that men, laymen, now-a days, almost everywhere neglect this plain duty. Why is it? Is it owing to the decadence of the old fashioned manners? It may be. Or has the clergyman come to be considered a clerk, a "hired man," as any other employee, or are men too much taken up with secular matters to attend to the ordinary courtesies of life? The reason is somewhere, where is it? The rectory should be a sort of parish home, a common meeting ground of brethren of the Household of Faith.

Brethren, go and call on your pastor, and astonish and make him glad by so doing.

There is more in the foregoing, probably, than will appear at first thought. Priest and people do not know enough of each other; a clergyman has little opportunity to know his people, how they feel and act and think, at least very little of their inner life. The method, as practiced, of making "pastoral calls," does not amount to much; it is a poor substitute for the "confessional" of the Roman church, bad as that is, for the end in view. A clergyman has consequently very little opportunity of really knowing his people, especially the men. They are always busy, and his visits during business hours are an intrusion, and he is often made to feel it; he cannot catch them at any other time. Their evenings are filled up with amusements or the "lodge" or an "engagement down town." Church socials, so called, are not very social affairs, and men generally dislike them; besides they afford at best very little opportunity for that intimate intercourse desired. In fact, the whole social system of the church is at sixes and sevens, and needs reconstructing. Perhaps the basis from which it can best be reconstructed is the parsonage. But the occupants of the parsonage cannot usually afford to give dinner parties and such entertainments, and if they could, the end would not be accomplished. Let Mohammed go to the mountain. In other words, go and see your pastor, by yourself, as often as possible, and see what will come of it.—*D. D. C., in Church Helper.*

A WIFE'S POWER.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair.

STRICT VERACITY.

The habit of strict veracity cannot be over estimated in importance if we really desire to enjoy the fulness of Christian experience. We do not now refer to wilful and secret prevarications—much less to open falsehood. Such sins are conceded to be despicable, and are positively destructive to all manly character. We refer rather, to that secret withholding of the truth by which one party may mislead another, in matters trivial or important. Genuine honesty in our intercourse should not arise from mere motives of policy, but from a lively sense of what eternal rectitude is in itself; and also from just views of what that rectitude requires of all responsible intelligences. Whoever is willing to speak or act so that his fellow-man shall receive a false impression concerning a fact, is guilty of falsehood, according to God's perfect standard. "Moral truth consists in our intention to convey to another, to the best of our ability, the conception of a fact exactly as it exists in our own minds." When such an intention dominates our whole being, then will our habits in speaking and acting result, not only in present happiness, but in right character-building also. At no point is the Christian called to be more watchful than just here: because conscience is easily paralyzed by forgetting that God, from the necessity of His nature, "requires truth in the inward parts." In the busy marts of trade the temptation to depart from strict veracity is seldom absent. In social life the excessive touches of urbanity are sometimes only the attempted concealment of subtle falsehood. A willingness to shine in borrowed vesture, whether in the pulpit or press, is of the same ignoble character. All these efforts partake more or less of moral weakness, and form serious obstructions to the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, unless deeply and sincerely repented of. Probably there are few persons who, on account of certain deficiencies in veracity, do not need the cleansing blood constantly applied.

THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

Of the precious years of my life, to-day
I count another one;
And I thank Thee, Lord for the light is good,
And 'tis sweet to see the sun.

To watch the seasons as they pass,
Their wondrous wealth unfold,
Till the silvery treasures of the snow
Are changed to the harvest's gold.

For kindly still does the teeming earth
Her stores of plenty yield,
Whether we come to bind the sheaves,
Or only to glean in the field.

And dwelling in such a pleasant land,
Though poor in goods and friends,
We may still be rich, if we live content
With what our Father sends.

If we feel that life is a blessed thing—
A boon to be desired;
And where not much to us is given,
Not much will be required;

And keep our natures sweet with the sense
Of fervent gratitude,
That we have been left to live in the world
And to know that God is good!

And since there's naught of all we have,
That we have not received;
Shall we dare though our treasures be reclaimed,
To call ourselves bereaved?

For 'tis easy to walk by sight in the day;
'Tis the night that tries our faith;
And what is that worth if we render thanks
For life and not for death?

So! I glean alone! and the children, Lord,
Thou gavest unto me,
Have one by one fled out of my arms,
And into eternity.

Aye, the last and the bravest of them died
In prison, far away,
And no man of his sepulchre,
Knoweth the place to-day.

Yet is not mine the bitterness
Of the soul that doth repent;
If I had it now to do again,
I would bless him that he went.

There are many writ in the book of life,
Whose graves are marked unknown;
For his country and his God he died,
And he will know his own!

You never felt, though you give God thanks,
For his blessings day by day,
That perfect peace which blesses him
For the good he takes away;

The joy of a soul that even in pain
Beholds his love's decrees,
Who sets the solitary ones,
In the midst of families.

Lord help me still at the midnight hour;
My lamp of faith to trim;
And to sing from my heart, at the break of day,
A glad thanksgiving hymn;

Nor doubt thy love, though my earthly joy
Were narrowed down to this one,
So long as the sweet day shines for me,
And mine eyes behold the sun.

—*Phebe Carey.*

POPULAR WITH ONE MAN.

A railway gate-keeper who, one cold night, required every passenger to show his ticket before passing through to the train, and was rewarded with considerable grumbling and protesting, was told by Major Whittle, "You are a very unpopular man to-night."

"I only care to be popular with *one man*," was the reply, "and that is the superintendent."

He might have pleased the passengers, disobeyed orders, and lost his position. He was too wise for that; his business was to please one man—the man who hired him, gave him his orders, and rewarded him for faithfulness, and who would discharge him for disobedience.

The servant of Christ has many opportunities to make himself unpopular. There are multitudes who would be glad to have him relax the strictness of his rules, and grant to them some indulgence which his Master forbids. If he is their servant they demand that he should consult their wishes; and if they hire him and pay him, they think they should have the right to control him. But if he serves them he cannot serve the Lord. "No man can serve two masters." He who tries to be popular with the world will lose his popularity with the Lord. He will make friends, but he will lose the one Friend who is above all others. He will win plaudits, but he will not hear the gracious word, "Well done!"

The servant of God should seek to be popular with *one man*, and that is "the man Christ Jesus," he who is over all, who is higher than the highest, mightier than the mightiest, and whose approval is worth more than all the world's applause, whose blessing will make us glad to all eternity. —*The Christian.*

Selections.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Locke.*

The sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrow and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ.—*W. E. Channing.*

Do you think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended? Cast them all aside; they may be slight and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that.—*John Ruskin.*

There is one place where the Lord cannot live, where He will not live, and that is in the heart that has become luke-warm, in a proud and uplifted heart, a heart that is filled with its own self. The more we have of self the less of Christ. —*Geo. E. Rees.*

When I can bear opposition, calumny, contempt, hatred, and all manner of ill-usage, as infinitely less than my deserts, I may possibly be meek, but not before. The religion of the Gospel is conversion by the power of God; therefore, whatever is mere nature, or the effect of natural power, necessarily comes short of it.—*Rev. T. Adams.*

Items of Interest.

The German authorities, with a view to discourage emigration, have forbidden the railways to carry emigrants at reduced rates.

In some parts of North Carolina candles and kerosene lamps are still considered articles of luxury, while resinous torches are to be had gratis.

The willow tree at Mount Vernon which overshadows the tomb of Washington was originally a clipping from a tree which overshadows the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Duke of Hamilton's library sale is declared to be the greatest book sale on record. It continued over about forty days, and realized a total of $850,000. The Sunderland collection brought only a little more than one-fourth as much, and the Gosford only $45,000. The American demand for rare books in London is constantly increasing.

The area of public land disposed of in Dakotah last year was larger than that of either Belgium, Denmark, Greece, or Switzerland, and the settlement of Dakotah can hardly be said to have really begun, either. What is a specially gratifying feature of this disposition of land is that by far the larger part of it has gone into the hands of actual settlers.

The number of freshmen at Oxford this term is unprecedentedly large. Students of narrow means are much more numerous than twenty years ago; in fact, in this respect, Oxford seems to be returning to the sixteenth century, when the sons of parents in what in England is called the lower middle class—yeomen, shopkeepers, etc.,—made up much of the university.

Mr. Leslie, when he beegan the work of Land Commissioner for South Carolina, found that his time was frittered away by idle callers. Walking down the street one day, a well-dressed female in a store caught his eye, and, wondering why the lady tarried so long, he approached, and discovered that the figure was a dummy. Just here an original idea struck him. He was sure that no one, at least no Southerner, would attempt to interrupt him while he seemed to be talking to a woman. If a quick-sighted New Yorker could mistake a dummy for a lady, why should not other people? No sooner thought than done. The figure was made, and placed in his office. Leslie worked with his back to the door and his face to the figure. People came, and looked, and waited, and walked away. The thing acted like a charm, and the few cents for calico, buttons, hooks and eyes, and a chignon were amply repaid by the saving in the valuable time of the Land Commissioner.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

SNOWBALL PUDDING.—Take two teacupfuls of rice, wash and boil until tender; pare and core large sour apples, leaving the apples whole. Fill the apples with rice and put it round on the outside; tie each one in a separate cloth, and drop in boiling water. Serve while hot with cream and sugar.

BAKING BERRY ROLLS.—Make a biscuit dough, roll it thin and cut it in squares of five or six inches. Spread over with berries or other fruit; double the crust over and fasten the edges together, until full, then put into the pan a little water, sugar and butter. Bake and serve with any desired pudding sauce.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—Whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, three half-pint cupfuls of flour, two half-pint cupfuls of white sugar, one half-pint cupful of butter, one half-pint cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in the cream; mix sugar and butter together until well creamed, then add alternately flour and eggs until all are in, reserving the cream to pour in last; season with essence of bitter almonds or rose-water. Bake in rather a quick oven.

MACARONI.—Italian macaroni is far superior in quality to what is manufactured either in France or this country, and costs little more, as it swells greatly in cooking. Half a pound will fill a half gallon dish full. Baking is the best way of preparing it. Throw your macaroni, broken into tolerably short pieces, in boiling water, allowing it plenty of room to swell, and let it cook for twenty-five minutes; when perfectly tender take it from the water and let it drain through a colander; then put a layer of it in the bottom of a baking dish; dot it over with bits of butter, adding grated cheese, Cayenne pepper, and salt; put another layer of macaroni, etc., until the dish is filled; pour in a teacupful of sweet milk; allow a quarter of a pound of butter to the dish; finish by grating cheese over the top; place the dish in the stove, and let it bake for about half an hour, or until nicely browned. Do not let it dry up too much by delay in serving. Although baked macaroni is the choice way of cooking, it may not always be convenient to have it done so, when stewing will answer very well. Follow the first part of the directions given above, in case you wish to stew it, only instead of draining pour off the water till nearly dry; then add a gill of sweet milk or cream, flavor with grated cheese, salt, and Cayenne pepper, and serve simply in a covered vegetable-dish.

Youth's Department.

THANKSGIVING TIME.

Only a little ragged boy,
  Cold and hungry and sad;
No home of his own in the wide, wide world—
  Poor little wandering lad!
All day he has walked the chilly streets,
  All day he has begged for bread,
All day he has longed for his mother's breast
  To pillow his tired head.

But only an orphaned lad is he,
  Soft kisses are not for him;
And his heavy heart grows heavier still
  And his eyes with tears are dim.
Outside of the large, fine house he waits,
  To listen with envious ear
To the happy voices within, so full
  Of merriment and good cheer.

"I wonder," he thinks, "what it *really means*—
  This day that they call Thanksgiving.
Does it *never* come except for the folks
  Who in grand, rich houses are living?
Does it only mean big dinners and fun,
  And nice warm fires and things?
Does it ever happen that poor folks share
  Just *some* of the fun it brings?"

Round the corner the shrill winds blow,
  And whistle in Johnny's ears,
And seem to laugh at his childish woes,
  And mock at his pitiful tears.
But a sweet face looks from the window-pane,
  And a white hand beckons the boy,
And the rich man's daughter invites him in
  To the scene of comfort and joy.

Oh, charity! messenger earthward sent
  From the heavenly throne above,
To whisper in ears which might forget
  The lessons of comfort and love:
Unseen you speed o'er the busy land
  On your mission of peace and hope,
And many the willing but thoughtless hearts
  Your tender whisperings ope.

Only a little ragged boy!
  But warm, contented, and glad,
As he turns at last from the rich man's door;
  No longer hungry and sad.
And he thinks, "*I* know what Thanksgiving means—
  It means saying, 'Thank you, kind God!'"
And the hearts that helped him are filled with peace,
  The gift of a well pleased Lord.

Mary D. Brine.

PHIL'S THANKSGIVING.

By Mrs. Lucy Randolph Fleming.

The children in Miss Ella's class were all talking about Thanksgiving. Lou was *going to spend the day at grandpa's in the* country, and have "a splendid time. Willie and Emma Lee were to have a dear auntie visit at their house, and Tommy White said there was to be a "great big turkey, and lots of good things" at his house.

"What are you going to have?" asked Tommy, turning to little Phil Harvey, who sat at the end of the bench swinging his patched shoes back and forth, listening eagerly to the children's talk. Phil had heard nothing of Thanksgiving at his home, and he had an idea in his little head that there were no special delights in store for him, so he answered, "I don't know."

"Don't know about any turkey or pies? Why, you can't have Thanksgiving day without such things!" cried Emma Lee

"Yes, you can, dear," said Miss Ella's gentle voice, and Phil's downcast face brightened up at the words.

Miss Ella said no more just then, but began the usual lesson; but at the close, as there were a few minutes to spare, she said,

"Now, let us talk a little about Thanksgiving," all the bright eyes were turned toward her, and Phil twisted around and crossed his feet, so the best shoe might be on top.

"Will some of you tell me what Thanksgiving day is for?" There was a little pause; then Tommy White cried out, "To go to church, and have turkey to eat!" The children all laughed, and Miss Ella had to smile too.

"Well, Tommy, that's what a great many other people think, if they don't say so. But whether we have good things on that day or not, we can thank God for the many blessings He has given us. Why, we can't begin to count all the pleasant things He has given us since last Thanksgiving day. I am very glad you are going to have such pleasant times—some of you—but I hope that all of us will think over our mercies, and give thanks for them."

But now the bell was ringing, and school was dismissed.

Phil walked home, thinking very much about Thanksgiving day. He felt pretty sure there would be no turkey; indeed Phil had never seen a turkey at all save at the grocery store, but he thought he would find out by asking his mother.

Mrs. Harvey was always busy either about her housework, or at the sewing-machine, and Phil very seldom received any satisfactory answer to his many questions; so, when he rushed in and cried, "Mother, are we going to have turkey on Thanksgiving day, and folks to come to see us?" Mrs. Harvey replied rather shortly—

"Turkey! I should think not, until they are cheaper than they are now. It's well we have bread, let alone such things; and you may be thankful you have a new jacket to wear.

"Oh, mother! have I sure enough?" and busy Mrs. Harvey had to take time to enjoy the little fellow's pleasure in the new and much-needed garment.

"We ain't got any turkey," said Phil, as he sat down on the doorstep, with his arms about Spot, his black-and-tan terrier, "so we've just got to have thanks, I s'pose; Miss Ella said so."

Thanksgiving day came bright and cold, and Phil was glad to be buttoned up in his warm, new jacket. After breakfast he called Spot, and went out in the yard, and sat down behind some barrels in a sunny place near the fence.

"Now, Spot," said Phil, "it's Thanksgiving day, but we ain't got any turkey; all we've got is thanks," and kneeling down, with his arms about the dog, Phil said: "Lord, I'm going to thank you for keeping mother and Spot and me alive, and thank you for this new jacket mother made for me, and the ten cents Uncle Joe gave me; and when turkeys is cheaper, some Thanksgiving day, would you give us one too, for Jesus' sake, amen."

And Phil arose and ran off, followed by Spot. They both played hard all the morning, and Phil was glad to hear the call to dinner.

"Come in, Phil," called his mother, "you don't know what we've got."

"Phil ran in, and then stood still with surprise, for there, brown and smoking on the table, was—a turkey!

"He did send it!" exclaimed the child.

"Yes, Phil, the Lord sent it," said Mrs. Harvey softly, "for Mrs. Gray, the rich, old lady, who lived next door, had overheard Phil's prayer in the morning, and sent in the turkey, begging Mrs. Harvey to accept it, and tell Phil the Lord sent it."

"I thought may be He would," said Phil, "but," with the lack of faith which steals in all our hearts, "I didn't think 'twould come so soon."

"Well, Phil," said Miss Ella when she next met him, "did you have a good Thanksgiving day?"

"First rate," said Phil. "At first we didn't have nothin' but thanks. I tried to do like you said, and be thankful, and I asked the Lord to please give us a turkey sometime, and, oh, Miss Ella, don't you think, He sent us one that very day!"—*Selected.*

A DOG STORY.

He would ride one of the carriage horses when taken out to exercise, sitting on his back like a monkey on a bear, the coachman riding the other. How well I remember it, as if it were but yesterday—those two noble bay horses, Peer and Andrew, walking slowly along the road with their dissimilar riders! The horses took kindly to their dog groom, for they loved him and he loved them, so that this equine-canine affection was ludicrously touching. They spent their lives together—they and the coachman. They were rarely separated, for he went with the coachman when he walked or rode, and ran after the carriage when he drove. And now comes the tragic part of my story.

It happened one summer that my father and mother went to the metropolis—a rare event with them—and took the carriage and horses. The dog my father would not take; so he was locked in the stable when they left, and I and a brother alone of the family remained behind.

When Nelson was liberated, some hour or so after the party had gone, he was in a state of great distress and perplexity. He rushed about in every direction seeking his companions in vain. He did not howl or whine, but bore his grief in silence.

At last he went into the coachman's bedroom, and, poking out a pair of his old shoes from under his bed, lay down beside them, expecting no doubt, that the man would return and look for his shoes. From this spot he rarely moved. With each day his misery increased. After a time he refused all food, and moped about sad and stupid, so that it was most affecting to look at him. No one ventured to soothe or caress him, for we began to fear that he might be falling into a state of melancholy madness, and that it would not be safe to meddle with him. All we could do was to leave food and water near him. And so he went on day by day, moping and pining growing weaker and weaker, till he scarcely stirred from the room.

It was nearly a week later, as well as I remember, when my father and mother returned, late in the evening. The sound of the carriage-wheels and the tramp of the horses, as they entered the stable yard, was audible enough, and reached the ears of poor Nelson. He rose, staggered into the yard, and over to the coachman, who had come down from the coach-box. Then licking his hand as the man stooped down to caress him, he uttered a faint cry and fell down at his feet. He was dead!—*Cassell's Family Magazine for October.*

A BULL-HEADED SWORD-FISH.

One day recently the schooner *Jennie* was anchored off Cox's ledge, cod fishing. The usual method in summer is to anchor the schooner and put off in small boats, so as to avoid getting the lines entangled, and also to bring the bait to the notice of a larger number of fish. The small boats are anchored by means of grapnels. While fishing thus, one of the men noticed a large sword-fish swimming along with his mouth open, near the surface of the water. The fish moved slowly along, apparently feeding, just ahead of the boat. The grapnel rope was directly in his path, and, whether by accident or design, he caught it in his mouth. Instead of retreating, as one would expect him to do, he kept forging ahead, the rope, of course, remaining in the mouth. The men, at first, fearful of being capsized, tried to clear the rope, but when they found that he did not struggle, they began to pull in on the rope, which slipped through his mouth until the grapnel points caught against the side of his head. By swimming backward he could easily have freed himself, but so long as he tried to swim ahead he was held by the boat, which was being towed slowly along. Seeing what had happened, the other boats came up. Another grapnel rope was fastened to the first, and the end carried to the schooner. The fish was slowly pulled to the vessel; one fisherman lanced him through the gills with an oar-blade, while another stuck a boat-hook into his body, and a third slipped a noose around his flukes. He weighed when dressed nearly 400 pounds.—*Providence Journal.*

STAR, PEEP! PEEP STAR!

One night the Stars said to the Moon: "Please may we stay out late to-night; we want to play hide and seek?"

"You may stay as late as you please," said the Moon, "if you take good care of the Baby Stars, and lead them so gently that none of them will fall."

So each Star took a Baby Star by the hand and led it out into the sky garden, where the game was to be played. That was a fine night for a child to look up in the blue sky; for the stars were all out. Large Stars and small Stars; Stars that could not run as fast as a boy ten years old, and Stars that had to lie on little cloud-beds to watch the game, because they were too small to run without falling.

When the Stars play hide and seek they do not cover their eyes with a bandage; for they can shut them so closely that even the Moon cannot be seen. The oldest Sister Star began the game by closing her eyes and counting ten, while the others held up their fingers for her to count; which, of course, no Star could do with her eyes shut. When they were sure she could not see them, they kept their lips closed, for fear a laugh would break out to tell where they were, and they ran on tip toe, until the Sister Star spread out her arms and almost caught a dozen of them. Then they ran, pell mell, under one of the little white cloud-cribs, and a child who was looking at them said:

"I fink the Star are playing peep boo with me."

One of the Stars heard the little girl; for the Stars are very glad to play with children, and are much pleased when children make pictures of them and ask questions about them; and the Moon is always willing the Stars should be friendly with children; though it often happens that a careless Star leans so far over the sky-garden wall, to look at some baby of earth, that he falls down, down to the earth. It does not hurt Stars to fall as it does children, and the Moon is not lonely when one of the Stars come down here; for she can see and hear them wherever they are, and she knows better than your Mamma does that one Father takes care of all children, so that to him none of them are ever lost, though the Star that falls down to earth does not shine any more, as it does when it is up in its own garden.

When the little child said she thought the Stars were playing peep boo with her, the Sister Star said: "Come, a child wants to play with us!" And those beautiful Stars took hold of hands and ran down a wide path in such a hurry, their white dresses and silver sashes fluttering about them, that to the little child looking at them, they seemed like a snowy ribbon unrolled in the sky, and she cried out: "O Mamma! I see a pretty white sash—and—Mamma! Mamma! it has little silver Stars all 'broidered in it; do you fink it is for a Star party?" Then the Stars laughed with glee, till the Moon held up her finger for them to listen to what a little boy was saying. He was talking to his Papa, and when he saw all the Stars crowding down that bright path in the sky garden, he said: "Papa, I think those Stars are having a fine coasting party."

The little boy's Papa, and the little girl's Mamma said: "I am glad the Sky Father is the Earth Father too, and that the little Stars are just as well cared for as our little children and ourselves."

And when they saw the Sun coming to put them to bed, the Moon and the whole family of Stars knelt down just where they were, some in the garden path, and some on their cloud-beds, and told the Sky Father how glad they were that He could take good care of Stars as well as of the dear little children in the underworld; and they went to sleep up there just as the children and birds were getting up here.—*Independent.*

A CHILD'S DREAM ON THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

Our Ollie went to his bed
  With tears just back of his eyes,
And a pain, because, as his sister said,
  He was "overly fond of pies."
He dreamed the dreadfullest dreams—
  As dreadful as they could be;
For a big, big piece of pie, it seems,
  Is a bad, bad thing for tea.

He dreamed of a terrible snow
  That fell from an inky sky,
And every flake that the winds did blow
  Was as big as a pumpkin pie!
All in a heap 'twas laid,
  While the rude winds laughed in glee,
But oh, the deep, deep drift that it made
  Was a sad, sad thing to see.

Then he thought the Summer was dead,
  And Winter would always stay;
That an iceberg ledge was his only bed,
  And a glacier his home by day.
And the Sun, too late he rose,
  And he went to bed too soon,
And a long, long icicle hung from the nose
  Of the cold, cold Man-in-the-moon.

He turned to his sister; oh,
  How lonely and sad he felt
When he found she was made of ice and snow
  Which a hug would be sure to melt!
Just think of the dreams he had,
  As dreadful as dreams could be!
Oh, a big, big piece of pie is bad
  For a small, small boy at tea.

—*St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT HAMMERS.

You may have noticed the name of David Maydole upon hammers. David Maydole made hammers the study of his life-time, and after many years of thoughtful and laborious experiment, he had actually produced an article, to which, with all his knowledge and experience, he could suggest no improvement. Let me tell you how he came to think of making hammers. Forty years ago he lived in a small village of the State of New York; no railroad yet, and even the Erie Canal many miles distant He was the village blacksmith, his establishment consisting of himself and a boy to blow the bellows. He was a good deal troubled with his hammers. Sometimes the heads would fly off. If the metal was too soft, the hammer would spread out and wear away; if it was too hard, it would split. At that time blacksmiths made their own hammers, and he knew very little about mixing ores so as to produce the toughest iron. But he was particularly troubled with the hammer getting off the handle. A mishap which could be dangerous as well as inconvenient. One hammer had an iron-rod running down through the handle with a nut screwed on at the end. Another was wholly composed of iron, the head and handle being all of one piece. There were various other devices, some of which were exceedingly clumsy and awkward. At last he hit upon an improvement which led to his being able to put a hammer upon a handle in such a way that it would stay there. He made what is called an adze handled hammer, the head being attached to the handle after the manner of an adze. The improvement consists in merely making *a larger hole* for the handle to go into, by which device it has a much firmer hold of the head, and can easily be made extremely tight. Each hammer is hammered out from a piece of iron, and is tempered over a slow charcoal-fire, under the inspection of an experienced man. He looks as though he were cooking his hammers on a charcoal-furnace, and he watches them until the process is complete, as a cook watches mutton-chops. The neighborhood in which David Maydole lived would scarcely have required a half dozen new hammers in a year, but one day six carpenters came to work on a new church, and one of these men left his hammer at home and came to David Maydole's blacksmith-shop to get one made. The carpenter was delighted with it, and when the other five carpenters saw it, they came to the shop the next day and ordered five more hammers made. They did not understand all the blacksmith's notions about tempering and mixing the metals, but they saw at a glance that the head and handle were so united that there never was likely to be any divorce between them. To a carpenter building a wooden-house, the removal of that one defect was a great boon. A dealer in tools in New York city saw one of these hammers, and then David Maydole's fortune was made, for he immediately ordered all the hammers the blacksmith could make. In a few years he made so many hammers that he employed a hundred and fifteen men.—*From "Captains of Industry," by James Parton.*

Pleasantries.

It was a graduate of the Yale foot-ball department who translated de mortuis nil nisi bonum—"to the dead there are nothing but bones."—*Life.*

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of Detroit, at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife, meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."

A man having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said he, smiling, "what shall I do with the earth that I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "Have the pit made large enough to hold all."

"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend asked of a merchant. "When they stay too long the office boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-room waiting to see me on important business." "Ha! Ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know"—Just then the boy opened the door and sang out: "Gent in the countin'-room waitin' to see you on important business."

"Conductor," said a Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train, in a loud tone of voice, "are you sure we haven't passed St. Louis?" "Yes; we are twenty miles this side yet." "This train stops there; doesn't it?' "Yes." "Well, don't let me fail to know when you get there." Then he settled himself back in his seat and smiled, when a St. Louis citizen leaned across the aisle and asked him if any new buildings had been put up in Chicago since the fire.

"What is the meaning of that red line above the fourth story of your house?" asked a stranger of a man near Pittsburg. "That is a water mark. That mark shows how high the water was during the great overflow about a year ago." "Impossible! If the water had been that high the whole town would have been swept away." "The water was never that high. It only came up to the first-story window; but the boys rubbed it out three or four times, so I put it up there where they can't get at it. It takes a smart man to circumvent those boys."

A feeble old darkey struggled painfully in. "Boss," he said, "I'se an ole man: I was bo'n in ole Vahginny an' libbed dar mos' on to ninety-eight year, an' I want yo' ter assis' me little dis mawnin', boss, er yo' pleas, sah?" "You knew George Washington, of course?" "No, sah; I nebber seed him." "What! You lived in Virginia ninety-eight years and never saw George Washington?" "Dat am er fac', boss. I'se an hones' old man, an' am too far gone in dis worl' fer to tell er lie. I nebber seed young George, but Lor', sah, his po' ole gran'fadder an' gran'mudder yuse think er' pow'ful sight ob me, boss."

THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

REV. D. B. LADY,
REV. C. S. GERHARD,
REV. J. S. KIEFFER, D.D., } SYNODICAL EDITORS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1884.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The keeping of Thanksgiving Day is becoming to be a national custom. Some years ago it was confined to New England, now it is observed in nearly all the states of the Union. We are glad to see this. The Church has its festivals which will never be superseded, but besides these it is meet that the world should come with its tribute of gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Many of our congregations from time immemorial have held their Harvest Home Festivals when the fruits of the field have been gathered. These in some measure take the place of what has become known as Thanksgiving Day, but we can afford to have more than one service of the kind.

We need more holidays that will serve as breakwaters in the world's swift current; more breathing spells to take the inventory of God's mercies, and it is a grand thing for all the people to gather around their fire sides and in their churches to praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The remembrance of what God has done for us will make us mindful of the wants of others, and open our hearts to supply them according to our means. A beautiful custom is observed in the old Norman towns of France: when the harvest is gathered, one sheaf is raised over the portal of the house door by the grateful peasant as a thank-offering, and the birds are allowed to rifle and revel in it at will. And surely we should not be unmindful of our fellow beings whose sufferings might be relieved by the overflow from our bounteous stores. We will show ourselves to have but little gratitude after all if we are indifferent to those who may be hungry and naked at our very doors.

"That man may breathe but never lives,
Who all receives but nothing gives."

THE LAW AND ORDER SOCIETY.

As our own reporter we attended the meeting of the "Law and Order Society of Philadelphia" on Tuesday evening, the 18th. The gathering was not as large as we expected to find it. The zealots who usually crowd in to assemblages where "Reforms" are to be effected by the "knock down and carry out" process were conspicuous for their absence; but one could not fail to notice the quiet, strong character of the men who were present. They have received some abuse because instead of indulging in resolutions and calling for further enactments, they are anxious to see the present laws faithfully administered. And it is astonishing how much they can say in defense of the position they have taken. It was shown that the present statutes in regard to the keeping of the Sabbath, and the sale of spirituous liquors are already very stringent, but that there is not moral interest and stamina among the people to see them enforced. Public sentiment without laws it was contended, is better than laws without public sentiment, and that until the people rise up to the plane of the statutes now in existence, there is no use to call for stronger legislation.

There are in Philadelphia 8,000 places where liquor is sold. If these receive on an average $5 per day which is a low estimate, the amount expended is $40,000 every twenty-four hours; $280,000 per week; $1,120,000 per month and $13,440,000 per year. These figures are enormous, and we give them incidentally here because the money end of the question is the heaviest with some people who do not look upon the effect of all this on the character and lives of men. But it was shown that nearly all these places would have to be closed if there were no violation or evasion of the laws now existing. The difficulty is that the majority of good people think this is none of their business, and take no interest in the matter, while the liquor leagues are organized under such compacts as enable them to defy the law. It is to bring the public sentiment up to the level with the laws, and have them enforced, that this society has been formed Until that is done in large cities at least, there is no use to burden the books with further enactments which are sure to prove dead letters

It repaid us for a walk through the rain to hear Dr. Howard Crosby of New York, as he leaned over the breast-work of that rostrum and told of the fight he had had with beasts at Ephesus He was roundly abused by extremists for not favoring impracticable—nay impossible things. He could not take the fort by storm. Numbers and everything else were against him; but he hoped to move on the enemy by trenches thrown up with picks and shovels. He was fired upon by foes in front and by would be friends of temperance in the rear. The earnest part, and now that it is past, the amusing part of his work was the tiger strife he had with the excise officers of New York. He had them on "the hip" as far as existing laws were concerned but had secured additional legislation confining the sale of liquors to "hotels." Then every thing arose to the dignity of a hotel. One establishment that had hotel license was seven feet long, four feet wide and three feet high It was a peanut stand.

The trial of those entrusted with the execution of the laws must have been rich. Three questions were asked of the jurors. Are you a temperance man? Have you ever contributed any thing to the "Law and Order Society"? Have you ever attended Dr. Crosby's Church? An affirmative answer to either of these questions was followed by a prompt challenge. The verdict of "not guilty," by such jurors was explained privately by those who rendered it on this ground: If we had thought the accused would have been only fined $100 each, we would have decided against them in view of the evidence, but we were afraid the judge would send them to Sing Sing.

Dr. Crosby has certainly triumphed with great prejudice and odds against him. He says that in the election of Mayor Grace, national and local politics were ignored, and that Republicans and Democrats united in their efforts to give the city an honest, law abiding administration. With the law now in force which does not make the appointment of excise officers dependent upon the confirmation of aldermen, he is sure that everything indicates a solid move upon the forces of King Alcohol.

THE WORK COMMENCED.

The statement made last week by our esteemed synodical editor, "J. S. K.," that the work of raising the proposed endowments for the Theological Seminary at Lancaster is yet "*all* to be done," was a slight error. We take pleasure in correcting it by saying that right on the spot where the Potomac Synod resolved to raise $35,000 for a professorship, Mr. Henry Wirt has given $5,000 towards that purpose, and we have reason to hope that this is not all that will be done by the strong men of Emmanuel congregation at Hanover, Pa. We think the congregation should have the credit for putting the ball in motion, and now that the inertia has been overcome it will roll along with increased momentum. There will not be much difficulty in accomplishing all the Synods proposed, and if that work is done this year we will be ready to do even greater things in years to come. The era of what are called large donations is just dawning in our Church.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

The large attendance upon the meeting of the Woman's National Indian Association in this city on the evening of Wednesday, 19th, was an evidence of the increased interest the people are taking in the Red men. Five years ago such a crowd could not have been gathered, for then the idea prevailed that the only good Indian was a dead one, and that even if there was any hope of getting him to heaven, no concern need be felt about his temporal affairs He might be converted and sent to happy hunting grounds by an indefinite grace, but in the meantime the white man's only mission with him was to rob and kill him The last operation was the most direct way to get him under the protection of the Great Spirit.

The facts given at the meeting referred to showed how he had been sinned against and then charged with sinning. There is a black record here which will come out in appalling force when the light of eternity is thrown upon it. And if some government agents don't squeal worse than if their scalps were taken in this world, it will be because repentance and restitution has brought them within the pale of God's forgiveness.

The statements given were made by Christian philanthropists, such as Mr. Herbert Welsh and Mrs. Quinton, who with no hope of reward and no object in view except the amelioration of humanity in this world and its ultimate salvation in the next, have spent weary toilsome months among the tribes, and now come back to tell of what they have seen and heard. The treatment of some of the early Palatines in New York who were worked to death and paid with mouldy bread and sour beer, is hardly to be compared with the treatment some of these tribes have received. And one object of the Woman's Association, is to create a sentiment which will compel congressmen to be prompt and honest in giving the Indian what is due to him.

An interesting feature of the evening was the singing by fifty Indian pupils from Lincoln Institute. These songs were very simple, but they told a wonderful tale. It would be thought a great matter if as many uncouth children from our mountains, acquainted with the English language had been taught to do as well in so short a time. But here were a batch of young savages accustomed to a nomadic life, ignorant of our language and every thing else, who rendered their childish songs in such a way as to excite the admiration of the audience. The thing in itself may not be much, but it is wonderful as a start and as a basis of future progress. The Indian schools are helping to solve a problem which will throw great light upon minor missionary work. It is proving not only that "savages" may be taught the trades and arts of civilized life, but that some such process is ancilary to their Christianization.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The root idea of the judgment day is that of final and complete separation. This comes to view in the word which is used by all the New Testament writers, when referring to the subject. The term which they employ is *krino*, the primary signification of which is to separate. This is the verb from which, through the Greek substantive, the English word crisis is derived. The final judgment will be the last crisis in the world's history, brought about by forces and powers that have gone before, and have been active for thousands of years. It will be the last conflict between sin and righteousness, light and darkness, holiness and iniquity. It will be the time when the ultimate issue between the contending forces of good and evil shall have been reached. Evil being completely overcome and subdued the two powers will forever separate, and thus the contest between good and evil will be settled and decided for all eternity.

The time of the judgment will be the day appointed by the Almighty, called the last day or the day of judgment. Now although the Bible speaks of this time as the day of judgment this expression does not necessarily mean a period of twenty-four hours. For the term day is not restricted to this meaning in the Word of God We read, for example, of the day in which Jehovah made the heavens and the earth. In this instance the word includes the time elsewhere spoken of as the six days of creation. So also in the epistle to the Hebrews the sacred writer refers to the Israelites' forty years sojourn in the wilderness as the day of the temptation. Then there is also the familiar passage: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." From these examples it is evident that the term day is sometimes used in the Bible to define a given period of time without any reference to its length. The expression, the day of judgment, designates the time period, whether longer or shorter, in which the last things in God's kingdom on earth will be accomplished: the concluding period in which the last crisis of the world's history will be reached.

This crisis, we are told by our Lord, will come suddenly, at the lightning's flash, and unexpectedly as the thief in the night. Such it will however only be in its outward manifestations. As to its producing causes these run through a series of premeditations The Gospel of the Son of God works towards this crisis through out the entire history of the world. All along its course there are subordinate judgments, which are premonitions of the final one, and true preliminary parts of it. Such for instance was the destruction of Jerusalem, as referred to by our Lord Himself. The city was ripe for destruction, and accordingly fell to pieces when Titus laid siege to it, and the nation was henceforth separated from the course of history. So also was the Reformation of the 16th century a judgment on the civil and religious affairs of Europe. The same thing is true of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars.

Whilst these and similar events constitute epochs in the world's history, the grand movement of sifting and separation is ever going forward, and will be consummated at last, when Jesus shall come as the King of glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another as the shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. The internal separation which has been growing and widening between different persons will then be publicly confirmed by our Lord. He will pass judicial sentence upon all, consigning the wicked to everlasting punishment and receiving the righteous into life eternal. The time period during which all this will take place, is called in the Scriptures the Day of Judgment, upon which the present advent season once more calls us to meditate. G.

DEATH OF JUDGE LAUBACH.

It will be seen from our Obituary Column that Hon. Joseph Laubach, of Bethlehem, has ceased from his labors. He was long and favorably known as an Elder of our Church and an active member of some of our Boards. We have received copies of the action taken by the Directors of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf and by the Trustees of Allentown Female College in regard to his decease, but the publication of the resolutions will have to be deferred until next week. Judge Laubach had many personal friends, and will be greatly missed upon the floor of our Synods, where he so often appeared as a delegate.

The Minutes of the Pittsburgh Synod, giving the acts and proceedings of the late session at Mt. Pleasant, Pa, have been published.

Mr. Rudolph F. Kelker, Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, has sent us a neat picture, on parchment paper, of our Mission School-Building at Tokio, Japan. It is accompanied by a circular setting forth the wants of the mission and urging that the children be enlisted in the work of maintaining it. We take for granted that all our pastors have received copies, and we hope they will act upon the suggestions made.

The indefatigable Binkley reports fourteen new subscribers for the MESSENGER and an equal number for the *Hausfreund* from the Wilkesbarre congregation, of which Rev. F. K. Levan is pastor. A number of new subscribers were sent from this charge in March of this year. Mr. Binkley also reports five subscribers for the MESSENGER and eight for the *Hausfreund* from Plymouth congregation, Luzerne county, of which Rev. S. C. Meckel is pastor.

Communications.

A QUESTION.

Dear Doctor Davis:—Men seated on the editorial tripod are expected to know everything. Hence I hasten to you with a question that concerns many hundreds of our church members. It is this: What has become of the excellent little work, by Dr. Harbaugh, entitled, "THE LORD'S PORTION?" Is it out of print? If so, can the Reformed Church afford to do without that book for a single year? Should it not be sent out by the thousand, and a copy of it be placed in every family, if possible, and in every Sunday-school library of the Church? This is a year distinguished by large donations and legacies to benevolent objects in other denominations, and there is no reason why brethren and sisters of the Reformed faith should not also, in this Zwingli Anniversary year, remember the cause of the Lord who gave them all they have. But both ministers and laymen ought to read good books on the subject, and we recommend Dr. Harbaugh's "*The Lord's Portion*," as *the* book for the million. Its circulation will educate, edify *and pay*.

One more question: Has the above book at any time appeared in the German language. If memory serves me right, the Lebanon Classis, twenty or more years ago, appointed one of its ministers to translate it into German. Was this ever done? And was it printed in German? If *printed*, I am sure it was never *published* as it deserves to be. It is a messenger of good will and blessing and ought to be read by Christians of every land and every tongue. What we want is a low-priced edition which all can buy. Will not some Reformed house or individual give us the book in both German and English dress?

TULPEHOCKEN.

[We learn that all unsold copies of the work referred to were burned with our printing establishment in Chambersburg, and that it has not since been republished, although there have been frequent calls for it. We do not know that it was ever translated into the German language. We print our correspondent's questions as the best way to call attention to the subject. Dr. Harbaugh's short treatise accomplished much good, and would continue to be a blessing if a new edition were widely distributed among our people, especially at this time.—ED.]

ORGAN DEDICATION.

November 16 is a day that will long be remembered by the members and friends of the Bethany Reformed Church. It was on that occasion that their organ was dedicated. Three times on that day large audiences assembled to hear God's blessed word. Morning and evening Rev. D. W. Gerhard from New Holland, filled the pulpit. The sermon in the morning, based on Col. 1: 12, was in the German, the one in the evening, the healing of the nobleman's son, St. John 4: 50, etc., in the English language. Both were edifying and instructive discourses. In the afternoon Rev. H. A. Brickenstein, Principal of Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz Pa, preached also in the English language, on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The discourse was one that abounded in much rich thought and was listened to with marked attention. All the services were highly enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that the many rich thoughts in which the sermon abounded will be utilized, and that the Lord's work may continue to prosper in the future as has been the case in the past.

A few days previous to the day of dedication a "Bailey Reflector" was procured, which was to be tested at the evening service. The test proved very satisfactory, and the congregation can well feel proud that such commendable progress has been made, especially when one remembers the very insufficient means of lighting the old church, over against the very brilliant rays of a Bailey in the new.

The newly rebuilt church was dedicated to the worship and service of God on June 29th of this year. On the above given date the dedication of the organ, the satisfactory test of the "Reflector," which will be used in the evening services to light the church, besides a number of other things, such as carpet, matting, shades, etc., which latter is the gift of the lady members of the congregation. All this has been done within the last year. Well may we all praise the Lord and render thanks to Him who is the Head of His Church, and in whose great name this work was accomplished.

A subscription list is now making the rounds for a bell which it is to be hoped will soon grace the steeple on old Bethany, for it may truly be said of her that she is of age, and that her voice has a right to be heard among the churches of the Reformed denomination. She was in existence in 1738, how much earlier no one remains to tell. Her pastor is Rev. D. C. Tobias.

A REQUEST.—CHURCH AT CHENEY.

It is not a year yet when two lots were donated to the Reformed Church at Cheney, Kansas, by the kindness of the A. T. & S. F. Railroad Co., on the condition that a house of worship be erected thereon within a year. We started out at once to solicit funds to build, and met with encouraging success. By the subscriptions we obtained and the cash paid into the treasury we felt justified in the early part of the summer to begin the work of building, expecting to raise the smaller additional amount that might be required to finish the church, after harvest when farmers sold their wheat. But on account of the unusually low price of wheat farmers are very loath to sell, and this makes it extremely difficult to raise any money. According to their circumstances our members subscribed very liberally; and expected, if the funds did not reach to finish the church, to subscribe again. Some have done so, notwithstanding the low price of wheat, but others are utterly unable to give more. Nearly all our members are just beginners in the things of this world, and therefore not able to do much. Yet they struggled nobly to build this church themselves, knowing that our friends East had many calls made upon them for help.

Our church is 28 feet by 46—a recess pulpit at the side and a tower in front. It is now under roof, inclosed, painted, and about being plastered. But the tower stops short just below the belfry and is roofed over, and is so to remain until better times come! Nor have we any pews, pulpit, nor altar. We are then thus far on with our church, and have a debt on us that we dare not increase. Shall we now stop and let the church stand as it is? This would be detrimental to our best interests here. In the first place, the continuous sight of an unfinished church would have a very disheartening effect upon our membership; and, further, it would make a very unfavorable and injurious impression upon the community, in whose esteem we have thus far occupied a very respectable position. The M. E congregation commenced to build later than we, and their church is nearly completed.

Not because their members were more liberal than ours, but because they got help both from a general building fund in their church and from individual friends of the East. Therefore, we are impelled by every consideration, to go forward and finish this house of worship. By the aid of about three hundred dollars from abroad our membership would become so encouraged as cheerfully to assume and pay off the debt now incurred, and raise a small additional amount (which, no doubt, will yet be needed), and go forward and finish the church. We therefore ask, most earnestly and respectfully, congregations and friends, East and elsewhere, to aid us by sending at once such contributions as they may be able, and we will properly receipt for all money received. As many other persons of my name reside in this city I would suggest that my name and address be written in full—Rev. Isaac G. Brown, Box 195, Wichita, Kansas.

Our reluctance to make this request is overcome in part by the remembrance of the very kind and encouraging words of brethren just as we left the East. One said—Bro. B. if you need money write to me. We do now really need money and hence have written. We had to lay aside our own work for a while on acount of an attack of pneumonia. We have now sufficiently recovered to fill again our regular appointments. The great importance and interesting character of this field of missions becomes more and more apparent by the continuous emigration to Sedgewick county, from all parts of the East; and from the fact that our Sedgewick county Mission is the only Reformed Mission in South Western Kansas. In this direction it is the frontier Mission. There is none beyond us. Hence, too, let all Reformed families moving here report to me at once, so that I may call on them and they know me, that we may mutually work together in building up our beloved Zion in this western world. I. G. BROWN, Pastor.

SPECIAL MEETING OF CLARION CLASSIS.

Clarion Classis convened in special session in St. Thomas Church, Plumb Creek charge, Nov. 12th, 1884.

The pastoral relation existing between Rev. A. K. Kline and the Plumb Creek charge was dissolved. A committee of supply was appointed, and consists of Revs. S. T. Wagner, D. N. Harnish and D. S. Dieffenbacher.

Another vacancy among the many in this Classis. We earnestly hope the numerous vacant

charges within our bounds will soon be supplied with ministers. STATED CLERK.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The southern district of the Clarion Classis held a Sunday school and Missionary Convention in the St. Thomas Church, near Elderton, Armstrong county, Pa., on the 11th and 12th of November. The convention held sessions on Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning and evening. The following was the programme carried out:—

1. Why do we have Sunday-school? Opened by Rev. D. N. Harnish.
2. How can church members be most effectively enlisted in the Sunday school work? Opened by Rev. D S Dieffenbacher.
3. How to get good teachers? In the absence of Rev. Jno. Wolbach, who had been appointed to open this topic, Rev. J. Dotterer being present from the Westmoreland Classis, opened this question, at the request of the president.
4. How to secure good attendance and interest in the study of the Sunday-school lessons. Opened by Rev. S. T. Wagner.

On Wednesday evening the Missionary Convention was held, when the following subjects were discussed:

1. The strength and promise of the Church is in her missionary spirit. Opened by Rev. S. T. Wagner.
2. Missions in relation to the development of the Christian life of the individual and of the congregation. Opened by Rev. D. N. Harnish.

Rev. J. Grant of the Westmoreland Classis, being present at the missionary meeting, participated in the discussions.

These free, earnest discussions of subjects pertaining to the practical workings of the Church cannot fail to result in much good. The attendance on the part of the membership was good, especially at the evening sessions.

The brethren of the Clarion Classis are awake to the interests of the church. They are free to tell their people in plain language what is needed in order to carry on practical church work. So let it always be. J. D.

MISSION FESTIVALS.

The German Synods of the West, according to reports in the "Kirchenzeitung," are arising in their might to render an efficient service to the cause of Missions. In very many of the charges festivals—missionary services—were had, thus enlightening, urging and quickening a church-enterprize which has been suffered, too long, to slumber. True activity in the home missionary work is the base of foreign missions in various ways. The organization of new congregations, the strengthening of existing ones, and the final result of self-sustaining congregations, will add materially in sustaining the foreign fields, besides giving proper encouragement also to renewed efforts in the work at home. The toiling missionary, as well as the Home Board, is watching every rivulet as it is running to the common stream, let it be ever so small, with joyful heart, seeing in it a message to press on and continue in the work, for there are prayers and bread offered by the church for him and the work entrusted to his care. Let the West arise and shine, not getting "weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

SPECIAL MEETING OF ALLEGHENY CLASSIS.

Allegheny Classis met in special session on the 29th of October, at 2 P. M., in the St. Paul's Reformed church, Butler, Pa.

The resignation of the Stated Clerk, Rev. T. F. Stauffer, was received and accepted. Rev. J. W. Alspach was elected Stated Clerk of Classis.

Rev. T. F. Stauffer was dismissed to the Classis of Kansas, Synod of Ohio.

J. W. ALSPACH, S. C.

Church News.

☞ Stated Clerks of Classes and Pastors will oblige us by sending such Items of News as will be of interest to the Church.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Pennsylvania.

Johnstown.—The congregation at Johnstown, made their pastor, Rev. W. H. Bates, a surprise visit on Thursday evening, the 13th. The party was composed of members and friends. They spent the evening pleasantly, and when they left the inmates of the parsonage were some time putting away for future use the abundance of good things left behind.

Mercersburg.—Rev J. W. Knappenberger preached his first anniversary sermon in Mercersburg on the 9th inst. Fifty members have been added to the charge during the year, 36 in Mercersburg and 14 in Upton congregation; a new Sunday school library was secured in each school, and the number of scholars has somewhat increased; a new roof has been put upon the parsonage, and the parsonage internally renovated and repaired; a substantial stable erected; and in all about $1500 were raised. All this was done because the members took more or less interest in the work of the Lord. Much more will and can be done in the future if pastor and people work together as they have done in the past for the advancement of the Master's kingdom. On the whole this charge is greatly improving and the outlook is exceedingly promising.

In this connection we are glad to announce that the pastor's wife, who has been quite ill at her parental home, is now rapidly convalescing, and is expected to return to the parsonage in a short time.

Philadelphia.—Rev. D. Van Horne, D. D, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, preached a sermon on November 16th, commemorating the ninth anniversary of his pastorate. During this period the membership has been increased from 89 to 225, and the new church completed. Besides contributing to Home and Foreign Missions, and other benevolent objects, the congregation has raised, by cash and subscriptions, during the past year about $16,500 towards the cost of the new church edifice at 10th and Wallace Streets.

Thanksgiving Service.—A Union service of the Reformed congregations will be held in the First Church Tenth and Wallace Streets, on Thanksgiving Day, at 10 30 A. M. Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., will preach the sermon.

Ringtown.—The pastor, Rev. W. B. Sandoe, on the 16th inst., closed his fall communions in this charge. He confirmed 14 in the Emanuel congregation and 4 in St. Paul's. The benevolent contributions amounted to $37 37—$24.07 for the Chapel at Tokio, Japan, and $13.30 for Missions in Japan. The pastor fee s encouraged in his work and has bright prospects for the future respecting it.

Elk Lick.—Tuesday, October 21st, was a gala day at this place. On that day there were gathered the ministers composing the Somerset Classis, accompanied by their wives, to pay their respects to Rev C. U. Heilman and family previous to their departure to their new field of labor. It was also the fifteenth anniversary or crystal wedding of Rev. H. and wife.

The celebration was planned without the knowledge of the inmates of the parsonage. At 2 o'clock many members of the Paradise charge met the ministers of the Classis at the parsonage. The ministers of the other denominations were present by invitation.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. S. R. Breidenbaugh. Rev. J. M. Schick followed with a brief address, congratulating Rev. and Mrs. H., closing with the presentation of a beautiful gold watch, on the inside lid of which was the inscription: "To Rev. Calvin U. Heilman, from the Paradise Charge, October 21st, 1884." On the lid is engraved in monogram the initials C. U. H.

The pastor was much surprised at receiving this testimonial of the respect and esteem of his people, and in fitting terms acknowledged the same. He referred also to his labors in the ministry for twenty years. During this period he has officiated at 5,054 services; baptized, 1,083; confirmed, 821; married, 152 couples, and buried 253 persons. The congregations under his care during this time have contributed for congregational purposes, $45,000, and for benevolent purposes $6,300.

Prayer by Rev. R. Smith of the Lutheran Church, and benediction by Rev. Schick closed the services.

Many presents were received in commemoration of the anniversary of their wedding; one from the members of the Classis, one from the ministers of the town, and many others from private individuals. At a later hour all sat down to a sumptuous feast spread in the house and lawn. By 5 o'clock all had left the scene of so much interest, leaving with the pastor and family their well wishes in their new field of labor to which they expected soon to remove.

Egypt Charge.—The fall communion in this charge, Rev. W. R. Hofford, pastor, closed on the 9th of November. In connection with the communion in Trinity church, Coplay, three were added by confirmation. Thirty-five were received into full church membership in the South Whitehall congregation by confirmation, and one by certificate.

At the first meeting of the Missionary Society of this congregation held subsequent to communion, fifteen of the newly confirmed became members of the society. This accession to the membership was received with joy and thankfulness on the part of those interested in the important cause of missions.

Conyngham.—The holy communion was recently celebrated in all the churches of the Conyngham charge, of which Rev. T. Derr is pastor, and in every instance the services were largely attended. The offerings for benevolence amounted to $49.40, which was contributed by the respective congregations as follows: St. John's, $22.50; Conyngham, $17; Beninger's, $7 50; and Shellhammer's, $2. In connection with the communion at Shellhammer's six persons were added by confirmation.

Harvest thanksgiving services were held in the above named churches during the month of September, and the offerings were as follows: St. John's, $29; Conyngham, $20; Beninger's, $7; and Shellhammer's, $2. Total, $58.

St. Thomas.—Holy communion was celebrated for the last three Sabbaths in the three congregations composing this charge. They were times of refreshing to the people. They took a general interest in the preparatory meetings. The sum of $24.63 was contributed for the cause of our missions, of which Strasburg congregation contributed $8 54; Kieffer's, $5.47, and St. Thomas, $10.67. Five young people were received as members at St. Thomas by confirmation.

Sugar Creek.—Two members of the committee appointed by Allegheny Classis, installed Rev. Josiah May pastor of Sugar Creek charge, on Sunday evening, November 16th. Instead of a regular sermon upon the occasion, a charge was delivered to the pastor by Rev. P. C. Prugh, and one to the people by Rev. J. W. Alspach. The house was filled with attentive worshippers. Both pastor and people seem to enjoy very much their new relation. Rev. Mr. May has great reason to be encouraged in his work in this new field of labor. P.

Philadelphia.—A Reformed Church Rededicated. — St. Mark's German Reformed Church, on Fifth street above Huntingdon, was rededicated on Sunday morning, after having been rebuilt and enlarged. The improvements made cost about $7,200, of which $1100 was spent upon interior improvements. The Rev. J. B. Kniest, D. D, pastor of Emmanuel Church, West Philadelphia, preached the sermon, from Haggai 2: 7—10, the pastor, the Rev. G. A. Scheer, assisting in the services. In the evening a union service, by all the German Reformed churches was held, the Rev. Nicholas Gehr, D.D., pastor of Zion's Church, officiating, and Zion's choir furnishing the music.

Maryland.

Baltimore.—The Sunday school Missionary Society of the Third Reformed Church of Baltimore, celebrated its first anniversary on Sunday evening, November 16th, 1884. The society has held its meetings on the afternoon of the third Sunday of each month. These missionary gatherings are enlivened with dialogues and addresses, tending to arouse a spirit of benevolence and missionary consecration. The society collected during the year $80. This is the first effort of the kind in the history of the church, and the success which has attended the effort has encouraged the friends of missionary enterprise, to enter upon the second year with a double earnestness. The anniversary was everything that could be desired. The large audience present departed feeling infused for new work.

Ohio.

Canton.—Ordination.—The Rev. H. Hollinger, Canton, O, was ordained on the 28th of September, 1884. The brethren, E. D. Miller, and J. H. Stepler, performed the solemn act.

Louisville.—Installation.—Pastor G. J. Reiche was installed in the Louisville congregation on the 26th of October. The occasion was one of joy to the congregation. The services were conducted, conjointly, by the Revs. A. Schenck, H. Gersman and Zimmerman.

Personal.

Rev. Geo. B. Risser has resigned the Emmitsburg charge, and accepted the call tendered him by St. John's Church, Lebanon, Pa. He expects to enter upon his new pastorate during the coming month.

Rev. J. O. Johnson has accepted a call to the Church of the Ascension, Norristown, Pa., and will enter upon his duties there the first Sunday in December.

Miscellaneous.

In a note to some acknowledgments for Harbor Missions, which we will publish next week, Mr. Charles Santee, Treasurer Board of Home Missions, states that *forty-seven* of the pledges made at Baltimore remain unpaid. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

General News.

Home.

The news of the sudden and unexpected death of Bishop Wiley of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which took place in Foo Chow, China, reached this city on Saturday night. A Monday morning paper says:—Not half of the Methodist preachers here knew of the sad event when they entered their pulpits yesterday morning. Bishop Wiley was one of the most conspicuous figures at the recent General Conference held at Association Hall. At one time there was some talk of his taking Bishop Simpson's place as resident Bishop of Philadelphia. He is the second Methodist Bishop since the organization of the Church in America to die abroad. Bishop Coke died at sea, and Bishop Roberts died in Liberia, but that was native country, and his jurisdiction was confined to his country; Bishop Calvin Kingsley died in Beyroot, Syria, in 1870.

A slight earthquake was felt at Concord, New Hampshire, on Sunday morning, at half-past two o'clock. It was followed sixteen minutes later by a heavier shock, which lasted several seconds. Large buildings were shaken and the oscillation was accompanied by a rumbling noise, loud enough to awaken many people from sleep. Similar shocks were felt in other portions of the State.

The long drought at Petersburg, Virginia, and its vicinity, ended on Sunday night in a copious rain.

Last Sunday morning 564 persons were fed by the Sunday Breakfast Association. The temperance pledge was signed by 49 men.

A terrible fatality from a disease resembling cholera has broken out in the southwestern part of Virginia. It is attributed to drouth which has prevailed in that section. The number of deaths has been great and much alarm is felt. Distempers of some kind are likely to appear wherever the waters are so low as to become stagnant and poisonous. At Nashua, N. H., the wells and springs are dried up and an outbreak of scarlet fever, so virulent as to lead to the closing of the public schools, is ascribed to the want of a proper water supply.

Everything seems to indicate that the appearance of cholera in this country is a mere question of time, and precautionary measures such as will abate its virulence cannot be taken too soon.

Foreign.

Berlin, November 21.—It is understood that the Committee of the Congo Conference favors unrestricted navigation of the water way of the Congo river. It is believed that Germany will support the demands of England in relation to the River Niger, only requiring increased protection for the various trading interests.

It is understood that the American delegates are desirous of accommodating the interests of the United States in the Congo country with those of Great Britain.

The German Socialist Democrats have issued at Zurich a new programme for their action in the Reichstag. The programme announces that the Socialist Democratic party will continue *a l'outrance* its opposition to Bismarck's statement that Socialism is not progressive, but is deceptive and reactionary, and states that the Socialists are not foolish enough to present to the Reichstag proposals which at present have no chance of adoption. The Socialist Democrats claim that if Bismarck's definition of Socialism has any meaning the first step to be taken is the abolition of the law against the Socialists.

Madrid, November 21.—The riots, caused by the trouble at the University, were renewed last night.

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October 1st, 1884.

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Miscellaneous.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lucy Larcom.

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty;
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the Heavenly in the human;
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

Personal.

After his visit to Naples, King Humbert refrained for three weeks from visiting his wife and child, to avoid infecting them with cholera.

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, delights in mechanics, and spends whole afternoons in the factories of Rio, watching the wheels go round. Of course he is *incog.* in such places.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks will be the select preacher in the University of Cambridge, England, next June. This is the second time that this honor has been conferred on an American clergyman.

Mr. Ruskin, in a recent lecture, spoke of the first chapter of Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster":—"A chapter which I always tell my friends who praise my writing that I would rather have written than any of my own books."

Miss Pearl Tyler, daughter of the late ex-President Tyler, was married to the Hon. William M. Ellis, member of the House of Delegates from Montgomery county, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, on the 14th inst., the Right Rev. Bishop John J. Keane officiating.

The widow of President Polk, who passed her 81st birthday anniversary in September last, has kept a close watch upon this year's political contest; and, though increasing age has somewhat diminished her partisan ardor, she expects to retain until the last moment of life her deep interest in national affairs.

Several papers have stated that the late Duke of Brunswick languished all his life under a hopeless passion for Queen Victoria. This is rubbish. The Duke entertained a very strong opinion in 1838 that he was the proper person to marry the Queen, and he was very wroth at being passed over, as he considered himself to be superior in rank to Prince Albert, and, moreover, he enjoyed a large fortune, while the selected Prince possessed nothing whatever. The Duke manifested his resentment in various ways, and repelled the numerous and earnest attempts made by the English royal family to conciliate him, as, although the Queen would never have dreamed of marrying him, yet she naturally would have had no objection to find his fortune bequeathed to her family.

Science and Art.

Late discoveries have rendered insulation so perfect that there is less loss of electricity between New York and Europe than there was formerly between New York and Jersey City.

Horseshoes made of the horn of sheep are successfully used in Lyons, France. They are especially adapted to horses employed in towns, where the pavements are often slippery. Horses thus shod can be driven, it is said, at the most rapid pace over the worst pavement without slipping.

Public telephone service has been established throughout Belgium, and for a franc a merchant in Brussels may converse five minutes with a friend or business correspondent in Antwerp or Liege. An extra ten cents entitles him to an additional five minutes. It is thought the system will largely supersede the sending of written telegrams.

Genuine earthworms exist in many parts of the world which are giants of their kind. An example of one of these has just been received at the London Zoological Gardens from the Cape of Good Hope. It measures between four and five feet in length, and about half an inch across the body, and it has been stated that this particular species sometimes attains to six feet.

Edison, the inventor, indulges in the following prediction: As to the changes which will be effected by electricity within fifty years in the city of New York, I would say that I believe electricity will propel the cars of the street and elevated railroads; light the city within and without its buildings; furnish power for all purposes, work telephone and burglar alarms; deliver the operas; convey parcels; detect and signal fires; operate fire engines, and possibly displace animal locomotion for vehicles.

Benjamin West's great painting, "Christ Healing the Sick," presented by him in the early part of the present century to the Pennsylvania Hospital, has been cleaned and restored, and now occupies a prominent position in the clinical lecture hall of the institution.

The picture for a number of years was on exhibition in the small building erected on the hospital grounds fronting on Spruce street. The structure was expressly built for the purpose, and an admission fee was charged, from which quite a sum was realized for the benefit of the hospital.

Next the painting was placed in the Academy of the Fine Arts, and after remaining there for some time was removed to the Insane Department in West Philadelphia. Recently it was determined to have the picture placed in good condition and hung up in the old Hospital.

The central figure is the Saviour, and near by are John the Divine, the Apostles Matthew and Peter, High Priests and Pharisees, Judas Iscariot, a woman and sick infant, a mother and her sickly child, a blind girl, a palsied woman, a blind man and son, a lunatic boy, a sick man, and a young man kneeling.

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' JOSEPHUS. The Antiquities of the Jews and Jewish Wars of Flavius Josephus. Simplified by William Shephard. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: 15 Russell street, Covent Garden. 1884. Pp. 478. Price, $2.50.

Among the contributions to literature for young people, we have had of late years simplified reproductions of the old histories written by such men as Plutarch, Herodotus and Livy. Now these are supplemented by the writings of Josephus, the most renowned of the Jewish annalists. His account of the antiquities of the Chosen People of God and of all their wars, though having no sympathy with Christianity, are so important that no scholar can afford to be ignorant of them; and if our youth can be made familiar with them it will be a vast advantage to them. Mr. Shephard has done a good work in preparing the book, and the publishers have issued it in a most attractive form. It is done up in holiday style. The illustrations are reduced copies of designs by Dore.

YOUNG FOLKS' IDEAS. A Story by Uncle Lawrence, Author of "Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincot & Co. London: 15 Russell St., Covent Garden. 1885. Pp. 243. Price, $2.00.

This elegant volume, like "Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores," is a series of pleasing narratives in which much valuable information is given. The book is based on a French work, to which credit is given for much of its literary and scientific substance and for many of its illustrations. One can hardly imagine why bad literature should not be driven from the field by the publication of books such as we are now noticing, because wholesome knowledge is here given in such an easy, attractive form that nothing but a vicious, depraved taste could lead even a child to prefer the trashy, demoralizing stuff with which the land is flooded. The volume is issued in admirable style. The paper is fine, the type clear and the illustrations very fine. The cover is illumined and the whole work will be interesting and profitable to the young long after the holidays are over.

THE GOSPEL IN THE STARS; or, Primeval Astronomy. By Joseph A. Seiss, D.D. New and Enlarged Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885. Pp. 522. Price, $1.50.

This, it will be seen, is a new and enlarged edition of the book given to the public by Dr. Seiss some time ago. We have never been among those who looked upon it as merely speculative. It rather confirms the opinion of true Christians, who should see "Christ in all things." It is not, according to our reading, the design of the work to supplant the revelation of God in the Bible or in Christ by astrology, but to show how the True Light of the world now illumines the symbolism of the outward material heavens, which in all ages declared His glory and manifested His wonderful works. The book is free from Pantheism, and puts the old gropings and old learning of the sages in a new light. It shows great research, and will help to confirm the Blessed Gospel of God.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR; or, Incidents which Transpired in and about Chambersburg during the War of the Rebellion, by J. Hoke. Chambersburg, Pa.: M. A. Foltz, Printer and Publisher. 1884.

For the last ten months Mr. Jacob Hoke has been contributing a series of articles on the Incidents of our Civil War to *Public Opinion*, an admirable weekly paper published at Chambersburg, Pa. These articles have grown beyond the expectation of the author and the publisher, but the interest in them has increased as the weeks rolled by, till now the readers of the paper are sorry that there are not more to come. We are glad to announce, however, that what Mr. Hoke has written has been put into a more permanent form. The complete series as they have appeared have been gathered into a book, with an introduction by Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, making 212 pp., royal octavo. The amount of matter equals 500 pp., 16mo. The work will be sold as follows: Single copies, heavy paper covers, postpaid, 50c.; per dozen, $4 25; single copies, half binding, 75c.; same, limp binding, 75c.; per dozen, half or limp binding, $7.25; single copies, half morocco binding, $1.00.

Mr. Hoke has done his work admirably. He has tried to give the plain historical facts, and in this he has succeeded. We are glad that he has made the record of one who was an eye-witness to the events, and yet who is so far removed from them by time as to be able to judge of them free from passion and prejudice. We predict that in long years to come the unpretentious book will be sought and quoted as an authority.

As the edition is limited, those who desire the Reminiscences for preservation, should send in their orders without delay. Terms, cash. Address M. A. Foltz, Chambersburg, Pa.

NOBLE DEEDS OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE. As Portrayed by the World's Great Writers of Prose and Poetry. Gathered from many Ages and Nations. A Record of Grand Achievements; Heroic Sacrifices; Valiant Exploits; Knightly Virtues; Patriotism; Integrity; Magnamity; Devotion to Duty; Fidelity to Home and Kindred, and True Friendship. Selected and arranged with Explanatory and Biographical Matter. By R. S. Hartzell, with an Introduction by Rev. Herbert W. Morris, D.D., Author of "Work Days of God," "Testimony of the Ages," "The Celestial Symbol Interpreted." Attractively Illustrated. Philadelphia, Pa.: Henry L Warren & Co., Publishers. 1884. Pp. 512. Price, in substantial cloth, black and gold ornaments, $2 75. Same with beveled board and gilt edges, $3 50.

This book, we think, will be popular, and justly so. In the first place, its outward form is very attractive. Every thing that the printer's art and taste can do has been bestowed upon it, and its clean, clear pages with initial letters and beautiful illustrations will make it a favorite.

The contents are worthy of all this care. The ground covered is set forth on the title-page, and Mr. Hartzell has shown admirable taste and judgment in the selection and arrangement of the material. The book is wisely edited—the matter and subjects and authors classified, so as to be referred to with great ease. The sketches and selections are all short, and the book will be a pleasant one to take up during spare moments of time. We commend it to the public.

OUTLINES OF METAPHYSIC, by Hermann Lotze. Translated and Edited by George F. Ladd. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1884. Pp. xii and 166. Price, $1.00.

Those who have any acquaintance with modern German philosophy, and the prominent place occupied by Lotze in its development, will heartily thank Prof. Ladd for giving these Outlines to the American public in an English dress. Lotze is righty regarded as the Leibnitz of modern thought. His aim is to mediate between the experiential and the transcendental thinkers, between exact science and speculative thought. His influence on the mind of the present age is incalculable. But of his projected System of Philosophy he only lived to finish two parts, viz.: the *Logic* in three books, of Thought, of Investigation, and of Knowledge; and the *Metaphysic* in three books, of Ontology, of Cosmology, and of Psychology. The third part was to have treated of Ethics, of Æsthetics, and of the Philosophy of Religion. Fortunately, there have recently been published in German, in separate *brochures*, the Outlines of his College Lectures on these latter subjects as well as on Logic and Metaphysic; and these Outlines are most valuable in giving in a small compass, and with remarkable perspicuity, all the more salient features of this great author's thinking. It is these Outlines, given to the public in Germany since the death of Lotze, that Prof. Ladd has engaged to translate and edit. The German from which the translations are to be made consists of the dictated portions of the philosopher's lectures, as formulated by himself and subjected to the thorough revision of Prof. Rehnisch of Göttingen. These Outlines, accordingly, are the mature and trustworthy expression of what Lotze considered as his final opinions upon the wide range of philosophy. The Metaphysic, now issued, was selected as the first of the series of translations, because, while the most abstruse, it is fundamental to the entire system. It is small in compass, but rich in thought. We can, of course, enter into no criticism of the book. It is enough to say that the reader will find it original and profound, and will be stimulated by it to reflection on the deepest problems of existence. We await with interest the Outlines on the Philosophy of Religion and on Moral Philosophy, which may be expected within a few months.

WHERE IS HEAVEN? By Hedwig Prohl. Translated from the German by M. P. Butcher. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Pp. 230. Price, $1.00.

This is one of the Fatherland Series published by the Lutheran Board, and we commend it to our readers. It is interesting and will hold the attention of the reader to the end. The teachings of the book are good, although the title is misleading, if any one infers from it that there is an attempt to localize Heaven.

THE ELOCUTIONIST'S MANUAL, No. 12. Comprising New and Popular Readings, Recitations, Dialogues, Tableaux, etc., etc. Compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker. Publication Department National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia. 1884. Pp. 200.

This little book contains great variety of selections, and will be a help to boys in the family and at school. For sale by Leary & Co., North 9th street, Phila. Price, paper, 30c. Superior cloth, 50c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—The danger of incidental harm to the community, or to certain classes of people, from the increased use of machinery, the extension of public works, etc., is greatly diminished when those who make the laws, and especially those whose duty it is to interpret them, recognize that law is a progressive science; that it is a means, not an end; that when a state of things arises for which there is no precedent, a new precedent must be made. How the most enlightened men first laid this principle constantly in view, and how the common as well as the statute law is thus made to keep pace with the general advance of civilization, is admirably set forth in the leading article in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December, "Labor and Capital before the Law," by Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan. To the same number, William K. Ackerman contributes some suggestive "Notes on Railway Management," Dr. Schliemann tells what he found in his excavations of the ruins of Tiryns, in Southern Greece, and Principal Shairp supplements his scholarly article on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry" with one on "Friendship in English Poetry." The other articles in the number are, "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Curtis, and "Responsibility for State Roguery," by John F. Hume.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December is a brilliant holiday number, as rich in illustration and as entertaining in its letter-press as the most eminent of American and English artists and writers could make it. It contains nearly seventy illustrations, from drawings by Boughton, Barnard, Weguelin, Green, Parsons, Small, and Paget, of London, and by such American artists as Abbey, Dielman, Millet, Gibson, Pyle, Reinhart, Frost, Graham, Fenn, and Fredericks. Fourteen of the illustrations are full-pages, and of these six, including the frontispiece, are printed separately on plate paper. Excepting the Easy Chair and three or four poems, every one of the twenty-five contributions to the number is illustrated. There are two fine full-page engravings by Closson—the frontispiece, from Dr. Hofmann's painting, "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," and Titian's "Flora." Especially admirable are the dozen drawings by Abbey, illustrating the first scene in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Alfred Parsons's full-page illustration of Wordsworth's Sonnet, "Clouds Lingering Yet."——E. P. Roe's universally popular novel, "Nature's Serial Story," is concluded in this number, and is appropriate to the season both in the text and the pictures.——Charles Dudley Warner opens the number with charming reminiscences of "Christmas Past," finely illustrated by the best London artists. William Black, writing in the vein of his "Adventures of a Phaeton," tells the story of a coaching trip through the southern counties of England, in which he, with E. A. Abbey, the artist, participated as guests of Mr. Carnegie, who figures in the article as "The Star spangled Scotchman" With the exception of a brief article on "Recent German Art," by C. W. Jenkins, and "The Mythical Boat," by Phil Robinson, the remaining articles are stories, sketches, and poems, suited to a holiday number.——The tales are such as are wont to be told about the Christmas fireside—humor and mirth mingling with ghostly terrors. Saxe Holm contributes a humorous New England story, entitled "Farmer Worrall's Case," illustrated by A. B. Frost. Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back," tells a ghost story with the blood-curdling caption of "A Dead Man's Face." John Esten Cooke contributes a characteristic sketch of life on Chincoteague Island, illustrated by Howard Pyle. George H. Boughton uses very entertainingly both pen and pencil in his out-door sketch of "William Grobbyns." F. D. Millet tells a very powerful story, entitled, "A Capillary Crime," which he also illustrates, and W. D. Howells is at his very best in his delightful farce, "The Elevator," illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.——E. C. Stedman contributes two fine poems, "Witchcraft, A. D. 1682," and "Witchcraft, A. D. 1884," illustrated by Howard Pyle. "The Judgment of Solomon," by R. H. Stoddard, is a poem of unusual strength. Two exquisite poems—"A Ballade of Christmas Ghosts" and "Christmas Violets"—are contributed by Andrew Lang. Mrs. Margaret Sangster's song, "The Dear Long Ago," is illustrated by F. Dielman; and a musical score for it, composed by W. W. Gilchrist, is printed at the close of the number. Poems are contributed by Dr. Thos. Dunn English and Wallace Bruce, both illustrated.——Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair is a pleasant international greeting about the Christmas fireside between John Bull and Brother Jonathan, and Mr. Warner introduces the Drawer with a genial chat about the universal Christmas feast. Noteworthy contributions to the Drawer are a London artist's prescription, "How to do a Head," and Mr. Reinhart's illustration, "Chacun a son Gout."

THE CENTURY for December has for its frontispiece a profile portrait of General Grant, engraved from a recently found photograph taken in 1862. It accompanies the second of the papers on the Civil War, "The Capture of Fort Donelson," which is contributed by General Lew Wallace, who commanded the Third Division of Grant's army during the siege. A score of illustrations present views on the field, portraits of officers, maps, and (not the least interesting) an autograph copy, recently made by General Grant, of his famous "Unconditional Surrender" dispatch to General Buckner. The "Recollections of a Private" are continued, with descriptions of the early "Campaigning to no Purpose" along the Potomac, with illustrations. In both papers the drawings are nearly all from photographs.——The fiction consists of "An Adventure of Huckleberry Finn, with an account of the famous Grangerford-Shepherdson Feud," by Mark Twain, being a tale of life along the Mississippi River, some of the types being represented in the sketches of D. W. Kemble; the first part of a novelette, in three part, "The Knight of the Black Forest," by Miss Grace Denio Litchfield—a story of American girls in Europe, which is illustrated by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; and the second part of Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham."——Other illustrated papers are "Dublin City," of which Mr. Joseph Pennell has made sketches to accompany a humorous and instructive paper by Professor Edward Dowden, the Shakspere commentator; "Hunting the Rocky Goat," a narrative of personal experience, by William A. Baillie-Grohman, with illustrations by George Inness, Jr.; a third paper in "The New Astronomy" series by Prof. S. P. Langley, in which he endeavors to give the reader some conception of "The Sun's Energy," and a critical on "American Painters in Pastel" with an example of pastel work by Robert Blum. George E. Waring, Jr., the sanitary Engineer, sets forth in detail by diagrams a subject of pressing importance in a paper on "The Practical Aspects of House-drainage." Miss Emma Lazarus contributes a critical paper on "The Poet Heine," which contains translations by herself, and John Burroughs a piece of poetic natural history on "Winter Neighbors."——"Topics of the Time" contain editorials entitled "One Way to Prevent Divorce," "Was the Chinese Traveler Right?" "Economic Mistakes of the Poor," and "A Ready-made Foreign Market for American Goods,"—the last referring to the need of an international copyright, and apropos of a comprehensive account of "Present State of the Copyright Movement," which is contributed to the "Open Letter" department by Mr. Lathrop, the Secretary of the American Copyright League. Other communications deal with "The World's Exposition at New Orleans," "Recent Electrical Progress," and "Co operative Agriculture." Here also appear in response to the request of the editor, letters from Generals James B. Fry and Thomas Jordan, chief-of-staff at Bull Run, concerning the mooted question of the number of men engaged in that battle. Bric-a-Brac contains a cartoon by W. H. Hyde, and verse by John Vance Cheney, and others. O. C. Auringer, James T. McKay, Emma Lazarus, and C. T. Dazey contribute poems to the number.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for November 15th and 22d contain, Memoirs of the Earl of Malmesbury, Edinburgh; The Nature of Democracy, Quarterly; Pascal's "Pensees," British Quarterly; Has the Newest World the Oldest Population? London Quarterly; Modern Quakerism, Modern Review; Coleridge's Intellectual Influence, Changes in Diet and Medicines, Carlyle on Religious Cant, and The Place of Art in History, Spectator; Queen Margerie, Chamber's; Italian Summers—a Praise of Indolence, Saturday Review; Carlyle in London, Athenæum; Wolf-Hunting in England, Antiquary; with instalments of "Beauty and the Beast," "At Any Cost," "Tommy," and "Checco," and poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4.00 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

On the 30th of October, in the Third Reformed Church, by the Rev. C Clever, J. H. Ferdinand Hahn and Clara M. Cook, daughter of Jos. Cook, Esq., both of Baltimore.

At the Reformed Parsonage, Mount Jackson, Va., November 5, 1884, by Rev. Geo. A. Whitmore, Mr. Geo. F. Ryman to Miss Willmetta M. Hammon.

At the bride's home, November 18, 1884, by Rev. A. A. Black, Mr. George I. Grants to Miss Sarah J. Fennel, both of Belmont, Pa.

Obituaries.

Hon. Joseph Laubach.

The deceased was a son of Adam Laubach and w. Margaret (Newhard). He was born in Allen township, Northampton county, April 30, 1810. He was baptized in early infancy by the Rev. Fred. Wm Vandersloot, and received the name Joseph. The sponsors were Geo. Seem and w. Margaret. At the age of fifteen he attended catechetical instruction and was confirmed as a member of the Reformed Church by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Becker on Oct. 22, 1825 Many of us have been witnesses for years of his fidelity to his confirmation vows. After spending the first nineteen years of his life on his father's farm, he went to Easton and spent a year in study at the Old Academy. At the age of 20 he entered the employ of J. & M. Butz, millers and dry-goods dealers. In 1839 he opened business for himself at Laubach's Station, in which he continued for 31 years. On the 13th of April, 1843, he was married to Eliza Ann Schwartz, and lived with her in holy wedlock for more than 41 years. The fruit of this union was one son, James, and two daughters. The son died July 22, 1864.

During his long life Elder Laubach was successively Postmaster, Captain of Volunteers, County Auditor, State Representative and State Senator, and for many years Associate Judge of Northampton county and School Director of Bethlehem—offices which show the confidence the people placed in the man.

In the Reformed Church he worthily filled many places of responsibility and trust. As a member of the Board of Trustees of Franklin and Marshall College, as President of the Board of Trustees of Allentown Female College, and as Director of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf—a constant friend of the widow and fatherless—he was distinguished for his strict integrity, benevolence, kindness of heart and Christian courtesy. He was a faithful member and Elder of Christ Reformed Church, Bethlehem. He was regularly in his place at Sunday and week-day service, and thus often encouraged and rejoiced the heart of his pastor.

But the Lord called him. The man of much hard work was soon to rest from his labors, but to enter that rest through great sufferings.

He was taken sick on Friday, October 3d, two days before our Fall Communion, suffering from a complication of diseases. The kind care of wife and daughters, aided by physicians and friends, could neither bring back the years that had fled, nor restore his failing strength. On Sunday morning last at 3 o'clock he fell asleep in Jesus, aged 74 years, 6 months and 16 days. He leaves a widow and two daughters and five grandchildren and an only sister, far advanced in years, to follow him to life eternal. Ministers present at his funeral: Prof. W. R. Reily, Drs. B. Bausman and S. G. Wagner and W. R. Hofford, J. J. Crist, D. F. Brendle, D. B. Albright, T. N. Reber, J. C. Becker and Dr. I. K. Loos, pastor of the deceased. Burial at the Howertown Cemetery.

DIED.—Near Scotland, Franklin county, Pa., Nov. 4th, 1884, Mrs. Susan Dice, wife of Elder William Dice, aged 62 years, 3 months and 22 days.

It is seldom the case that we are called upon to chronicle a death that has occasioned so great a sorrow in a household, and awakened so much sympathy in a community, as that of Mrs. Dice. It was the first death that has taken place in brother Dice's own immediate family; and it occurred rather suddenly. On the last Sunday in the month of October, she attended divine service in Zion's Reformed Church, Chambersburg (of which she was for many years a consistent member), and was then evidently in her usual good state of health. On the following Thursday, while engaged in her domestic duties, she was suddenly stricken down, in the presence of her husband, with apoplexy. She fell at once into a state of unconsciousness, and remained in the same condition until the 4th inst., when her life departed.

Mrs. Dice was a fair type of true Christian womanhood. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother, a kind neighbor, and a faithful member of the Church. By her many excellent qualities of mind and heart she endeared herself to all who were intimately acquainted with her, and she will long be kindly remembered by all who knew her. The surviving husband and children deeply feel their loss in her death, but they "sorrow not as others who have no hope," for she died as she lived—a Christian.

May the God of infinite mercy uphold and comfort "the bereaved household, that they faint not under his fatherly chastening, but find in him their strength and refuge." C.

DIED.—Saturday morning, the 15th inst., 1884, Mollie Maud, child of William and Ida T. Harvey, aged 3 years, 10 months, and 15 days.

The deceased came to her death by accidental burning. She lingered about two days in great agony. Maud was a lovely child, bright in mind and disposition and beautiful to look upon. She was like a flower just unfolding when the angel of death plucked her from the earth. But her death was only a translation to an infinitely holier and happier clime.

"Where brighter suns disperse serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night."

In heaven her life will unfold in transcendant beauty. A little while before her death she sang as distinctly as her scorched throat and tongue would permit a few words of a little hymn she learned.

"The gates of heaven opened wide."

Beautiful prelude methought, to that welcome anthem which the angels sing for all who enter the pearly gates.

The interment took place in Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D. C., Sunday, the 16th inst. C. F. S.

DIED—Fell asleep, at Washington, D. C., November 9th, 1884, Mrs. Cora Keller, wife of F. B. Keller, Esq.

The deceased was the daughter of Prof. Hiram Collier, a gentleman of high literary attainments well known throughout the West as a prominent educator, holding at the time of his death in 1880, the chair of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the University of Nebraska.

Cora was born February 11, 1857, near Butlerville, Ohio. At an early age she consecrated herself on the altar of God in the Free Will Baptist Church, Hillsdale, Michigan, and was ever after an earnest consistent Christian. At Nartle, Fairfield, Ohio, February 3rd, 1883, she was joined in marriage to Mr. F. B. Keller, a prominent clerk in the War Department, Washington, D. C.

During her stay in Washington she attended Grace Chapel Reformed Church, 15th and O streets, N. W., as long as her health permitted. She died of consumption, contracted through a heavy cold, at the early age of 27 years, 8 months and 29 days.

At 10 o'clock, on Lord's day, November 9th, inst., while yet the roseate hue of the morning gilded the sky, the angel came and called her to her rest.

The Sabbath-time of her departure methinks is emblematic of the rest of her soul. In the sunny hours of life, in the prime of youth, in the glory of womanhood, she passed into "another golden chamber of the Kings': larger than this, and lovelier." Uncomplainingly she bore her untold sufferings till her heavenly Father lifted her beyond all pain.

A last lingering look into the face of her beloved, a sweet farewell smile, a soft pressure of the hand, and all was over.

"It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
The live among the just.

She was interred in Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D. C., November 11th, 1884.
C. F. S.

DIED.—Near Jefferson, on the 10th inst., Leora Eva Feaster, aged 4 years, 8 months, and 1 day.

"From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favor'd soul He bore;
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more."

Acknowledgments.

St. Paul's Orphan Home, Butler, Pa.

From Ladies' Aid Society, Grace Church, Pittsburg,		$27 31
A Friend, Grace Church, Pittsburg,		2 00
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Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The debates during the recent Episcopal Church Congress at Detroit are to be published in a book form.

Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., on the 16th inst., preached in the German language his farewell sermon as pastor of the Zion Lutheran Church, on Franklin street, above Race.

The Centenary celebration of Bishop Seabury's consecration was celebrated in this country as well as in England. Special services were held in Hartford, Conn., and in New York city. Dr. Dix gave a historical discourse in the latter place.

The Centennial Conference of Methodism will meet in Baltimore, Md., on December 9th. The delegates from the Philadelphia Conference are as follows: Revs. A. Atwood, A. Longacre, D. D., J. S. J. McConnell and A. Rittenhouse, D. D.; Messrs. John Hunter and J. A. Wright.

The far away town of Sitka in our Arctic territory of Alaska is credited with possessing the most beautiful church on the continent. It is of the Greek sect. The interior appears as one mass of gold and silver, and the walls are hung with pictures of royal and religious persons, the gift of a Russian princess, who took the temple under her special charge.

The third Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church is still in session in Baltimore. All the Bishops and Archbishops are said to be present except the Bishop of Pittsburg who is ill at home. There are a great many processions and ceremonies. The discussions are in Latin, and the vote on the topics taken in such a way as not to give even those familiar with the language any idea of the result.

The fund for the endowment of the Chair of Theology in Hope College, Michigan (Reformed Dutch), has reached $26,700. Of this the Eastern churches donated $6,963 in response to the appeals of Rev. Dr. C. E. Crispell some years since. The churches in the West have raised about $20,000. But there is still needed $3,000 to complete the endowment fund. It appears that that amount and more has been subscribed, to be paid January 1, 1886, and it is much wished that some friend would advance that amount at 5 per cent. interest. The college has friends in Michigan, who are financially trustworthy, who will give their personal note, assuring repayment of the money with the interest by the date mentioned. The friends on the spot say the authorities cannot borrow money there, except in larger sums, for longer terms and at higher rates. The Treasurer is Mr. J. Cappon, Holland, Michigan.

The Board of Trustees, which represents the entire Universalist Church, in their report presented at the recent General Convention held in Peoria, Ill., stated that there had been raised during the years of 1883 and 1884 for Missions $125,000; colleges and schools, $344,000; for new churches and church debts, $331,000, making an aggregate of $800,000. The following resolution was at the same time presented and adopted:

Resolved, That the Universalist General Convention hereby most earnestly recommends to all associations, conventions, churches, pastors and individual workers throughout our Zion an increased attention to the great humanitarian problems of the world. It proclaims its world-wide sympathy with poor, unfortunate, fallen, struggling humanity.

It further urges upon all members of its faith and fellowship a practical co operation with all movements and purposes for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, and for the removal of causes thereof.

Abroad.

France having arranged the difficulty with reference to the stipends of the French Cardinals, the Pope will create the Archbishops of Rennes and Sens Cardinals at a consistory to be held some time before Easter.

A large number of married people in the town of Rio do Sul, Brazil, are in an awkward plight. They are German Protestants, and in the absence of a clergyman of their own denomination, were married by a civil officer on an assurance that it was legal. They have now been informed that these civil marriages are illegal. The Catholic clergy will do nothing for them, and the Government refuses to do anything to relieve their distress. In the meanwhile they are looking eagerly for the arrival of a Protestant missionary who may perform the religious ceremony of marriage for them.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the 14th inst., was the scene of a stately service in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first American Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Durham, and Albany. There was, besides, a large attendance of other Church dignitaries and an immense congregation. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. Dr. Seabury read the Gospel. There was a full choir. The service was throughout profoundly impressive.

A Swiss Cardinal has up to the present time been purely mythical. The red hat has, it appears, never been given to a Swiss prelate. It is stated, however, that Pope Leo XIII. intends to break with this time-honored tradition, and to give a Cardinal to Switzerland, as his predecessor, in equal disregard of precedent, gave one to England, Ireland, and the United States. Monsignor Lachat is the person destined for the honor. He was Bishop of Berne at the time of the settlement of the outstanding differences between the Swiss Federation and the Vatican; and as the former insisted on his deposition, it was found necessary to sacrifice him. As a compensation to the Bishop for the loss of his See, the Pope has determined to raise him to the rank of an Archbishop, and to promote him to a seat in the Sacred College at the same time.

Bishop Hurst writes that the Methodist mission in Bulgaria begins a new year with a fair promise of success. He says that many of the grounds of discouragement have disappeared. There can be no political crisis which will interfere with the schools or with freedom of worship. The Constitution is now in full force; the people have taken advanced steps; the Prince, Alexander I., is himself a Protestant (Lutheran), and there is no possibility of a backward movement. He was accorded an audience with the Prince, and had the opportunity to state to him the history of the mission; that it was purely ecclesiastical and evangelical, and in no sense political; that the ministry and membership were in full sympathy with the Government, however, and would promote its interest in its rehabilitation; of which he was now the representative; that Methodism had come to stay and become a prominent factor, and that the missionaries would do what they might to help build up the spiritual interests of the principality. His assurances of guaranteed rights, under the constitution, in common with other expressions, were all that could be desired.

Ammonia in Baking Powders more Injurious to Health than Alum. Dr. Witthaus, the celebrated Chemist and Professor, on the Subject.

I have made careful qualitative analyses of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and of the Royal Baking Powder, and have also determined the amount of available gas yielded by each. I find that the substances which enter into the composition of the two powders are the same, with one important exception: the Royal contains carbonate of ammonia, whereas Cleveland's Baking Powder does not.

In my opinion a baking powder containing ammonia is much more liable to produce disturbances of digestion than one containing alum, concerning whose deleterious qualities so much has been said; particularly as it has been shown by direct experiment that carbonate of ammonia, if present in a baking powder, is not expelled during baking, but remains in the bread.

I consider Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as greatly preferable to the Royal Powder, because:

1. It is free from the ammonia which contaminates the Royal;

2. It yields during baking a greater proportion of the only gas, carbonic acid, which should be produced by a baking powder.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1884.

R. A. WITTHAUS, A. M., M. D.,
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Buffalo; Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Vermont; Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of the City of New York; City Chemist to the City of Buffalo, N. Y.

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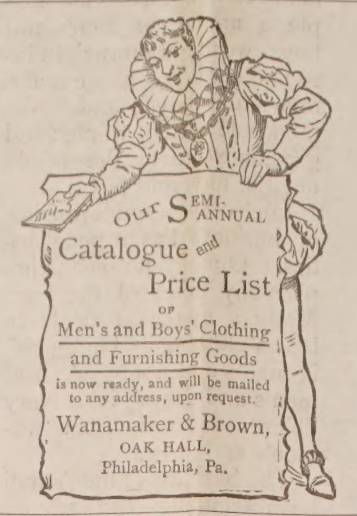

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WHEAT.—Car lots in elevator were quoted at 69c. for No. 3 red; 86c. for No. 2 Delaware red; 89½c. for No. 1 Pennsylvania red, and 78½c. for No. 2 red, with 78c. bid and 78½c. asked for No. 2 red November; 78¾c. bid and 79c. asked for December; 80½c. bid and 80¾c. asked for January.

CORN.—Sales of 600 bushels old rejected mixed on track at 50c.; 500 bushels old No. 3 yellow in grain depot at 51c; 600 bushels new No. 3 mixed in grain depot at 43c.; 600 bushels new No. 3 high mixed track at 44c.; 1800 bushels new steamer high mixed in grain depot and on track at 44½@44c.; 1200 bushels new steamer yellow track at 45c; 600 bushels new No. 2 white in export elevator at 47½c; 1200 bushels new sail mixed do do at 47½c.; 3600 bushels new sail yellow do do at 47½c., with 47c bid and 48c. asked for sail mixed November; 45½c. bid and 45½c. asked December.

OATS.—Sales of 1 car rejected white at 31½c.; 3 cars No. 3 white at 32½c.; 3 cars No. 2 do regular at 33½c., and 1 car do do short storage at 33c, with 32¾c. bid and 33½c. asked for No. 2 white November; 33c. bid and 33½c asked December.

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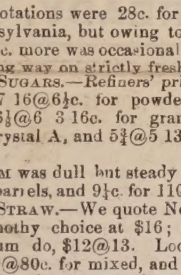

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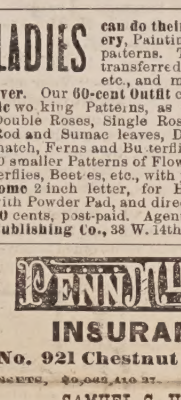

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PHILADELPHIA, November 24

If women's and girls' ready-made clothing were as simple a matter as men's and boys', we might jump right into making it just as we make men's and boys', and cover the whole need of women and girls as we cover the whole need of men and boys.

Each of these four branches of business has it peculiarities. One by no means implies any other of the four. Many a merchant deals in ladies' clothing and not girls'; in men's and not boys'. And men's and boys' is a very different business from women's and girls'.

The business of men's and boys' clothing had twenty years the start of women's and girls'. Men's began first, then boys'. The word clothing acquired the meaning men's clothing; by the utmost stretch it means no more now than men's and boys'. We are straining usage to make it cover women and girls; but that's the way language grows: first the need, then the word; and the world wakes up to the need after the word is born.

Men's and boys' clothing began small and crude. Only the roughest work was done at first. It has taken a generation of men and three or four generations of boys for the phrase readymade clothing to outgrow the ill repute it got into by the rough work that was done under that phrase at first. It hasn't yet outgrown the reproach. Many a man is measured and pays double who might as well buy readymade. We measure and make ready-made both; and we've no interest in worrying people out of their prejudices. They will work themselves out in time. Besides, some have got to be measured anyhow.

Now we know all about men's and boys' clothing. We were fairly in at the start and hav'n't fallen behind very much in the past twenty years. We know what to make, and how to make it, how to sell it, how to hold our trade, and how to widen it over the country far away.

Women's and girls' clothing is not so much behind as different. It is behind. It'll always be behind, while fashion touches little more than shape with men and boys, and leaves nothing untouched with women and girls. So long as the difference exists in the custom of the time, women's and girls' ready-made clothing can never be made to cover the whole need of women and girls as men's and boys' clothing cover the whole need of men and boys. The aim is therefore different; must be different; and he will best succeed in dressing women and girls who recognizes the difference in demand.

We mean to make gradually clear how wide our scope in clothing is, and is going to be. It isn't easy to be brief and clear about a matter having so many aspects and ramifications.

Dressmaking both for women and girls is yet disputed work between homes and stores. The store is going to have it in time, because store is going to beat home both in style and economy. There's a difference in homes. There's a difference in stores. It is a saying that a woman in business can't afford to make her own clothing. It is already felt that she cannot afford to make her girls' clothing. Men's and boys' has passed beyond dispute. It is going to be recognized that a woman, whose time is of any account at all, can't afford to do several things that now she expends her time upon. We are doing our part to make the clothing of the family a much easier matter. What we are doing is ready to be looked at!

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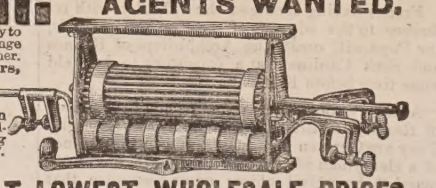

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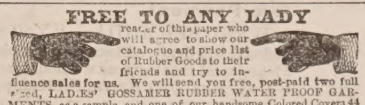

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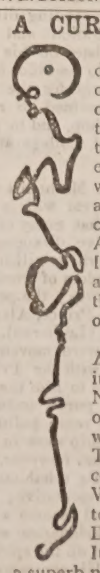

"At another time I saw on a desk a scrap of paper that had on it a comical likeness or image of a human skeleton in miniature—a profile view of the skull, the ribs, and the other bones, even to the foot. I wondered who the senatorial artist was, and in handling the paper I chanced to turn it another way. And what do you think it was? It was n't meant for a skeleton, after all. It was nothing else than a very hasty autograph of Senator ——."

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